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NOTICE.—After this week the articles on *Bridge* will be discontinued until October.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Probably too much has been made of the Devolution affair. It will be a footnote to history at most, for it has not materially affected Ireland in the past, and will not affect her in the future. As a fact only a small number of politicians and departmental folk are deeply interested, fewer still actually concerned, in the thing. Sir Antony MacDonnell over-estimates his importance; he has brooded—not unnaturally perhaps—too much on the "attempt to deprive me of office". The lengthy correspondence on the subject has become rather tedious, and some editors have shrewdly boiled it down and served it up with catchy headlines. However it has gone so far that the correspondence to which Sir Antony darkly refers might as well be published. Mr. Long, direct and straight as always, says in so many words, "out with the whole thing", and we should say this would be the best course now.

A week without crime of an exceptional character, such as was the attempt on M. Stolypin, is rather notable for Russia. The most remarkable evidence of the dispositions which the Tsar's Government thinks necessary to make to meet the prevalent disorders is a law which has just received his sanction. The Governors-General in cases of open riots may set up special military Field Courts composed of the officers of the day. The trial is to take place immediately after the crime; inquiries and witnesses are not to be necessary; and the sentence is to be carried out without appeal and without further confirmation. At the same time a long declaration has been issued by the Government reviewing the unsettled condition of the country caused by the revolutionary propaganda. It declares that to this is due the delay of the creative work of the Ministry; but that the Government does not intend to be hindered

in this because of criminal schemes. The aim of the revolutionaries being to destroy the State and the monarchy, there is no hope that any plan of liberal reform would cause the revolution to vanish. In these circumstances the only possible method of government is the adoption of measures deemed necessary for the repression of violence in the first place, and afterwards of a legislative programme which must be settled by the Douma and the Council of the Empire. The declaration recites a long list of legislative measures of reform of the same character as those which the preoccupations of the Douma in other projects prevented its members from considering.

In the English memorial to the Douma, which includes the name of Professor J. Westlake, the International Law Professor at Cambridge, there is a sentence that contains the extraordinary implication that at present there is no Government in Russia by whom formal communications of friendship can be made with England. We must wait until "the complete triumph of liberty" in Russia makes it possible for the English and Russian peoples to give formal expression to the friendship already uniting them. There is neither sense, nor international law, nor courtesy in this.

The Kaiser seems to have made a definite move of some importance with regard to German colonial policy. The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg has resigned his post as director of the Colonial Department of the Foreign Office, and a business man, Herr Dernburg, Manager of the Bank für Handel und Industrie has been appointed his successor. The change has given rise to much speculation, for Prince Hohenlohe was regarded as a probable candidate for the succession to the Chancellorship. The fact that an investigation into the "Colonial Scandals" is in progress has sharpened public curiosity still further. Herr Dernburg has shown great financial and organising ability, having been greatly concerned in the promotion of the Baghdad Railway and other large concerns. He sacrifices a large income to take office, and will hardly as a purely commercial man meet with a very cordial reception from the military and bureaucratic elements which have hitherto directed German colonial affairs. His career will be watched with interest in all quarters.

Pan-Germans cannot be complimented on the tone and temper of their congress. It is strange how enthusiasts all the world over impede the progress of their desires by frantic and furious language. There are some items in the programme of Pan-Germanism which may well be accepted by public opinion as objects to be arrived at, but even so it would be wise to adopt Gambetta's advice and remember that they should always be thought about and never mentioned. The Kaiser may well pray to be delivered from his friends when he reads such speeches as those of Count Reventlow. But British advocates of disarmament would be well advised to consider how their philanthropic labours are regarded abroad merely as a trick in the British game for supremacy. The German Government seem to have come in together with the foreigner for indiscriminate denunciation. According to the Pan-Germans they are guilty of timidity and modesty in their shipbuilding, their policy towards the Danes is vacillating, the "Triple Alliance" is waste paper, and they are allowing the German population in Russia to be exterminated without moving a finger. No doubt Prince Bülow will bear all this with equanimity, but it does not convince the rest of the world that the Pan-German programme is in very judicious hands.

The relations of Church and State in France have reached what is little short of an impasse and the Bishops in their conference have to enunciate some policy, but what is not very clear. Even so accomplished a publicist as M. Charmes in the current number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" talks round the matter at great length without arriving at any definite conclusion. It is quite certain that the Government does not desire an acute conflict with the Church. M. Clemenceau clearly indicated that by his policy with regard to the inventories when he took office. On the other hand it is easy to foresee grave difficulties about raising funds for the needs of the Church. France is not, like England and the United States, a subscribing country. The experiences of the curé of a wealthy parish in Paris, if correctly given in the last number of "L'Energie française", are interesting because they tend to show that the poor are subscribing far more readily than the rich. This would be a state of things tending to bring the secular authorities into conflict with classes they expected to be friendly and will render them still more anxious to make a settlement.

We have enjoyed a few weeks' relief from the internal conflicts of Austria-Hungary, but the time for the sitting of the legislatures is near at hand again. Kaiser Franz-Josef must feel much as the governor of one of the Western States quoted by Mr. Bryce who said "with regard to the representatives of the people there 'I never feel really safe till I see their coat-tails disappearing round the corner'". An ingenious Magyar deputy has been endeavouring to engineer a combination between Czechs and Magyars for the coming session, but the Young Czechs have very appositely reminded him that his countrymen have shown hitherto no very good will to the Slovaks in Hungary, "a branch of the Czech race". The Magyar press in reply warns Czechs off Hungarian affairs. Meanwhile the Emperor-King has been accorded splendid receptions by his subjects of all religions in Austrian Silesia.

The Cretan problem still awaits solution. Probably it will not receive that demanded by common sense, the appointment of an impartial foreigner of the Cromer type with full powers and adequate military support. The Greeks appear at length to have become uneasy at the irreconcilable attitude adopted by their protégés in the island which is really only the result of encouragement from Athens. We hope the Powers will not give way, for Greece has only herself to thank for any difficulties she has created. The island may be congratulated on the approaching departure of Prince George, whose rule has been a dismal failure. A man of tact and discretion might have made annexation to Greece inevitable. Prince George has rendered it highly problematical. It is now being suggested that

the best way out of the difficulty will be to invite Prince George to hold on, but all who know the story of his rule and the ease with which his countrymen engineer demonstrations will distrust the genuineness of the protest on his behalf.

It would be unwise to accept the dicta of British correspondents with regard to public opinion in the United States on Mr. Bryan's programme. The range of their vision is often singularly limited. We can quite well imagine that the triumphant procession was not a spectacular success, and Mr. Bryan clearly knows little about British rule in India. For the Trusts he has evidently determined to go "baldheaded", for he denounces any private monopoly as anti-social. The Trusts will therefore fight even for Mr. Roosevelt rather than Mr. Bryan, and the Democratic party is by no means unanimous at present in swallowing Mr. Hearst. Mr. Roosevelt has been emphasising his prerogatives as Commander-in-Chief of army and navy by holding the largest naval review any President has ever witnessed—1908 is a long way off, but he may have thought it just as well to remind the country of its Imperial responsibilities. We do not believe the anti-Imperialist cry will help Mr. Bryan much, for there is no country in the world where this sensation of over-seas power will tickle the public fancy more than in the United States.

We are not about to lose India because a vain and ridiculous Babu has got himself crowned King of Bengal. The alarm which some English journalists are exhibiting in this matter is not very catching. At the same time this man Surendra Nath Banerjee and his half-crazy following need to be watched, and no doubt the Government are ready to stop the farce should it really threaten to become serious. Agitators like Banerjee have always the support in this country of a few half-advertising, half-fanatic politicians, who somehow muddle up support or protection of anti-English adventurers with advanced Radicalism or awful socialism. But it is doubtful whether they really do much harm by such support in or out of Parliament. Without common sense you can never get the serious people in this world to attend to you.

Much interest has been excited, and there will doubtless be no small controversy, over the publication of the terms upon which the Government is proposing to remit the £30,000,000 which was to be contributed by the Transvaal towards the cost of the war. Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons last July announced that the Government was prepared to take this step and that probably a new loan of less amount would be raised, to be applied, however, not to the aid of the British taxpayer but to the internal purposes of the Transvaal itself. In the interval negotiations have been going on between the Government and the various parties in South Africa. It now appears that the Government intends to make certain proposals, which have not been communicated officially but have been allowed to become public enough to be announced by Johannesburg correspondents to some of the English newspapers.

The commuted loan is to be a sum of £4,000,000 at 4 per cent., and the mining houses that guaranteed £10,000,000 of the originally proposed loan will be asked to underwrite the new one. It is intended that it shall be applied in various amounts to the recoupment of war losses, to Sanna's Post railway, to a Transvaal land bank and to land settlement. As to land settlement it is proposed to apply a sum of £1,500,000 to be administered by a board to be appointed by the British Government "and altogether divorced from politics", and with responsibility for all existing settlers. Divorce from politics in anything proposed for South Africa is a charmingly naïve conception; and especially when applied to the establishment of a board to which the objection may be at once taken that it raises the question of the interference of the Imperial Government in the internal affairs of what is to be a self-governing colony. The proposal bristles with difficulties; and amongst them one raised in financial circles is the inopportune time for the new loan.

As no one except perhaps the Master of Elibank would be surprised that the programme of the Trades Union Congress, which met on Monday at Liverpool, includes projects incompatible with Liberalism, there is no need for more than simply mentioning that it was what it has been for years. The matter of real present interest is the dissatisfaction of the Labour party at their association with the Liberal party. However insinuatingly Liberal newspapers may urge that the alliance is for the good of both, the President's address and a resolution of the Congress declare the belief of the Labour party that they would do better in independence. The President showed that the number of Liberals in the House of Commons is greatly in excess of what it would be under a just system of proportional representation. At present a Liberal member represents 6,500 votes; a Labour member about 9,000; Social Democrats have no member though they have over 40,000 votes; while a Unionist member represents an average of 16,000 votes.

This is pleasant for Liberals just now, Mr. Cummings remarks, and a time may come when Unionists also would benefit by having more representation than they would be entitled to. He seems to think that his party is between the millstones of the two parties, and he dislikes the pressure of the one as much as of the other. The Trade Unionist resolution is one to the effect that it was desirable to secure political unity of action in the country and the House of Commons on independent lines, and that both Labour groups should be independent of political connexion and always sit on the Opposition side of the House. A very large majority agreed that an endeavour should be made to bring the two groups together on these terms.

There is a bit of delicious naïveté in the report of the Trade Unionist Parliamentary Committee—the demand that Trade Unionists should “participate in art, literature, music, and half the good things which help to make life bright, happy and comfortable”. There are other things which serve to make life bright, happy and comfortable; for instance participation in the undoubted advantages of good looks, good family, good taste, good health. About nine-tenths of the world would quite like to have their share in these brighteners of life; but it seems never to have occurred to anybody before this year to set them out clearly and simply in a kind of official programme. Probably most of us are too sensitive to ridicule to publish to the world what we want in this way. “Half the good things which serve to make life bright, happy and comfortable”—we feel we might as well cry for the moon.

Has the “Daily Chronicle” been Elibanked? It has seldom taken up quite so strong an attitude against men on strike as it has in the dispute of the Halifax Tramways men with the Corporation. Apparently both the wages and the hours of the men are quite as good as those of other corporation employees; and the Corporation deals directly with the men's union. The demand is for increased wages and for a week's holiday with pay, and the “Chronicle” correspondent sums up the situation by saying that the concession of the Halifax terms would be in the spirit of the resolution to be moved at the Trade Union Congress for obtaining from municipal authorities concessions which would never be made by private employers.

If trade unionists, who are mostly also advocates of municipal trading, are prudent they will see wisdom in the “Chronicle's” argument that the support of demands like those at Halifax will imperil the prospects of municipal enterprise. The Halifax tramways make an annual profit of about a thousand pounds; but the increased wages, and the extra pay for holidays, would just swallow up the whole of this profit. The Halifax ratepayers are quite as little inclined as private employers to see their profits disappear; and the strike is disapproved by general opinion.

Mr. Keir-Hardie has not yet declared himself in favour of the parcel post delivery method of ending autocracy, but perhaps this is because a certain rival

in the Government is alleged to have favoured this plan formerly. His speech the other day on emperors and kings went, however, we fancy a little too far even for some of the other leaders of the Independent Labour Party. Lord Ribblesdale is to be congratulated that his son—“our comrade” as somebody, according to the press, styled him—was prevented from being present at this heady gathering. Of course the usual Zulu bunkum was trotted out. The affection which some people profess for Zulus has long been remarkable. We remember a leading Irish Nationalist once declaring his indignant enthusiasm for the coloured man in South Africa. “You should dine with him,” said Rhodes.

An event of this week suggests to one the thought of how much better it would be, nicer and better, if printed accounts of funerals were severely shortened. Those who have lost perhaps the value of more than their own lives do not want to see their private grief well advertised. Of what earthly or of what heavenly advantage is it to give lists of those who offer “condolences”, of those who “called in person”, of those who sent wreaths? No doubt genuine respect and sympathy are at the root very often of all these strange but too familiar details; yet they would be well dispensed with, and the kindness and sympathy be no less. What may be called the common form of death should be abolished together with nodding plumes. Dickens wrote with terrible truth when he described Mr. Mould and Mr. Tacker putting on the most decent faces they could contrive for an important burying, and it is to be feared that much of what he wrote is true of to-day. It is still a common thing to see the mutes after their job is done coming out of the public-house wiping their mouths. Funeral reform is sure to come, but it is slow.

Mr. Bowen Rowlands K.C., who died on Tuesday, was at one time a well-known figure in the House of Commons. Some people, who have not reached that age themselves, are convinced that you are “too old at forty” for almost anything but the Cabinet, and most people believe that it is very hard to begin again at forty. But Mr. Bowen Rowlands had the way of striking out new lines for himself when he was reaching the middle of life. He brought to his work, and to all he did a nervous energy that was really remarkable. Perhaps those who do best in modern life are the very solid, undisturbed men and their exact opposites, those who seem to do everything at a high nervous tension, people on wires. But the wires must be very strong and enduring. Mr. Bowen Rowlands' strength was probably too often outrun by his zeal. Many people on both sides of politics will long remember him kindly for his good heart and winning manner.

It is curious with what jealous concern the English language is guarded even by people who have nothing of particular distinction or force to say or write in it—in fact those who have anything specially worth saying or writing are often rather indifferent in the matter. It is clear that President Roosevelt's spelling-bee is as distasteful to many Americans as it is to English people. He is being ridiculed as well as scolded, and was mocked to his face the other day by some journalists on the water, who labelled their craft “Pres Bote”. Probably not much more will be heard of President Roosevelt's plan. It is just the idle diversion of a busy man absurdly out of his element. Obviously it deserves as much serious notice from the world as would a pronouncement on, say, Trusts, made by the editors of the New Oxford Dictionary.

Esperanto Congresses are now in the order of nature at this period of the year as are other congresses more or less serious or farcical. This year the Esperantists have met in Geneva and their proceedings have been worth following both for instruction and amusement. Next year we shall be able to observe them at closer quarters, as they are to meet in England. In the meantime it seems desirable that English people should try to banish all prejudices against Esperanto and accept it on its merits, without confounding it with Volapük.

It is quite as easy to confuse them as it was for the country chairman to mingle Omar Khayyam and Hunyadi János in his study of English literature.

Will not some patriotic millionaire play with the idea of buying the choice, beautiful library of Lord Amherst of Hackney for the nation? We could not say that such a gift would make for more "efficiency," "scientific methods" and so forth, in the nation. The library is stark naked of what some people regard as good sound practical stuff. There is a story of an English statesman who looking through the books in the Acton library exclaimed impatiently that there was not a single work of reference among them, and turned away coldly. But the Acton library is almost a reference library compared with the Amherst one. The Amherst library holds the great Gutenberg Bible of the middle of the fifteenth century, and that may almost be taken as typical of its contents, which are indeed things of beauty that are joys for ever. Its volumes have title-pages that can never be matched. It is to be hoped that the library will not be scattered, even if it is not bought for the nation.

Most people rather fancy that the gentle art of being a librarian is rather easy, and to be practised by any person who happens to be incompetent for anything else. In fact it is a most technical and difficult art, as may be seen by a glance over the Proceedings of the Library Association which has been meeting for several days in Bradford. In such gatherings there are amiable enthusiasts who babble of much trivial stuff; but the association produces very practical speeches on bookish matters intimately connected with the well-being of local communities. One such speech by Mr. J. McKillop, the secretary and librarian of the London School of Economics, may be mentioned. Many students of the arts, sciences, and industries are at work during the hours when the public reference libraries such as the British Museum and the Patent Office are open. Reference books cannot be borrowed from them, and they are costly to buy. Mr. McKillop's plan is to establish a central collection of such books to be lent to public libraries and then re-lent to their readers. He estimates the initial cost at about £60,000.

"Under new management" so often means in journalism a column henceforth devoted to chitter-chatter about society and a weekly picture of the reigning beauty that it must have been quite a relief to the serious few to find last week their "Speaker" very much its old self. Long may it live, and edify its readers with real, hard-bitten Liberalism. There is not such an abundance of thoughtful journalism in England to-day that we can afford to lose any of it. It is no secret that papers in these pushful times are not usually run on the lines of Sir John Acton's "Rambler" or the "Home and Foreign Review" of his day and Richard Simpson's. Those men set about educating their readers: nowadays the supreme thing is to tickle them.

Why is it that great boating men are so often literary men? That they are is shown by the fact that nearly every London newspaper seems to have on its staff an old Blue who writes the articles on the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and who for a fortnight or so past has been describing the practice of Cambridge and Harvard Universities. In fact if you row in the boat it is tolerably certain that presently you will take to journalism. Almost as many great boating men journalise as great bats and bowlers. Thanks to the old Blues, the public must have at their finger-ends a great deal of authoritative information about pace and swing, &c., though it is another thing whether they truly understand all they read so eagerly about Harvard and Cambridge and the great race to-day. It is a first-rate contest of pluck and endurance, and we hope there will be many more of the sort; but as usual in these matters one section of the public rather overdoes its zeal, gives too much attention to the contest; whilst another prides itself on regarding the whole thing with complete indifference and cannot see what earthly importance is in games and sports. There is the unflannelled as well as the "flannelled fool".

SHYING AT LIBERALISM.

THE President of this year's Trade Union Congress dealt very discretely with the differences that underlie the relations of the Labour party with Liberalism. Sooner or later the schism between them will reach a stage when it cannot be ignored by any shutting of eyes. In politics, however, it is a maxim of expediency to put off the evil day as long as possible so that in the meantime the contending parties may manœuvre for strategic or tactical positions in order to make the best terms when the inevitable evil day arrives. This is the state of affairs between the Government and trade unionists, or to use the larger description, the whole mass of the Labour party. Certain hot-heads, for example the Master of Elibank on the Liberal side and Mr. Keir-Hardie on that of Labour, carried away by their mutual hostility, are for precipitating things, and leaping before they come to the stile which they see looming in front of them. Liberal newspapers have interpreted the silence of their political leaders on the Master of Elibank's utterances to mean that he had better be minimised. They cannot deny that he has brought into the light a very unwelcome truth; but, say they, there is a long road to travel yet on which we may both go together; why should we quarrel until the point is reached when we must perforce part? To a certain extent also this is the line of least resistance travelled by Mr. Cummings in his presidential address. He is less ungracious than Mr. Keir-Hardie, who acknowledges no relative merits as between Liberal and Conservative Governments, but would extort concessions equally repugnant to both, and then denounce them indiscriminately as the enemies of that true rendering of Christian doctrine to which he alone has the key. Mr. Cummings will admit that some favours have been granted by the Liberal Government which would not have been by a "reactionary" Conservative Government. This is undoubtedly true. A Conservative Government would not have passed a Trade-union Bill which surrendered all the principles of law and justice declared by the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, the War Minister, and the Attorney-General to be necessary if privileges were not to be conferred upon a section of the community prejudicial to the interests and welfare of the whole. This we may admit; and at the same time deny the other statement of the President that the Compensation Bill is another instance of the special favour of a Liberal Government. The first Compensation Act was a Conservative measure passed at the desire of the trade unions in opposition to the more individualist plan of Mr. Asquith the Liberal Home Secretary of extending the old Employers' Liability Act. But naturally there is no reason why Mr. Cummings should dwell on a matter of this kind when he is trying to serve the temporary purpose of being complaisant to the allies with whom so far he has had a pleasant understanding. Neither the Trade-union Bill nor the Compensation Bill has yet been to the House of Lords. If the Liberals and the Labour party accepted the invitation of the Master of Elibank to sail under their own colours—the Liberals displaying the flag of pure individualism, and the Labour party running up the Jolly Roger of predatory socialism—something unpleasant might happen to the Trade-unions Privilege Bill.

Moreover there is actually another campaign on foot which affords an additional reason for the postponement of irreconcilable differences. It is possible that the Liberals might by this means renew their alliance once again with the Labour party and win another election. The Congress adopted a resolution protesting against the action of the House of Lords on the Bill to prevent the importation of blacklegs from other countries into Great Britain and Ireland during trade disputes. From this very tenuous premiss the full-bodied denunciation followed of the principle of hereditary representation as an obstacle to progress and the interests of the general community. This sounds like Liberalism. It is at least an echo of what Liberalism used to be. But we imagine that Liberalism and trade unionism, or more correctly speaking socialism into which trade unionism has for the most part been transformed, would go to

the encounter in very different moods. Socialism would mean what it said; Liberalism might see in it a good election cry, but would not put into the fight sufficient spirit to carry it through. The trade union socialists would find that their allies hold their theoretical doctrine timorously and half-heartedly. Mr. Gladstone could not persuade them to take it up seriously in his time. If this question ever becomes a practical one it will not be by means of Liberalism. The House of Lords has nothing to fear from that quarter. The abolition of that House is not really one of the stages which Liberals desire to traverse in company with the Labour party. Should the Labour party ever become sufficiently powerful to abolish the House of Lords it will be by having previously abolished Liberalism amongst the working classes. The difficulty will not lie so much in abolishing Liberalism as in persuading these classes to adopt a programme which makes so much count of an old rag from the discarded garb of Liberalism.

But the question which for the moment is of greatest interest is not the respective merits of Liberalism and socialism of the trade union variety, but that raised by the Master of Elibank, to which the President's speech and the proceedings of the Congress give some sort of answer. That the Labour party has decided on a programme which it intends to bring forward into the open at the earliest possible moment, and that it distrusts Liberal co-operation, is evident amidst all the complaisances and compliments of the President's speech. Why, if Liberalism can be trusted to satisfy such demands as the Congress makes, should the President dwell on the extreme importance of augmenting considerably the Labour members? He speaks of the present system of Parliamentary representation as having given the present Government an unfair majority. It might he admits also have given a "reactionary Government" an unfair majority. He professes to fear this at the next elections; but he is really just as much afraid of Liberalism being returned again with an unfair majority. The votes cast in England, Scotland and Wales at the last election worked out at six thousand five hundred votes per Liberal member and for Unionists at an average of sixteen thousand votes per member. These figures he declares present a condition of electoral injustice calling for proportional representation. That is true; the Unionists would be the greatest gainers by it: but Mr. Cummings' desire for an alteration shows that he distrusts Liberal predominance. Then there is the resolution passed by a very large majority of the Congress for what is called the consolidation of labour forces. This again is an expression of the belief prevalent in the Labour party that their union with Liberalism is felt here and now as being an impossible condition of their action, and not only anticipated at some future time. Their object is described as being to secure perfect political unity of action in the country and the House of Commons on strictly independent lines. Their members must be independent of political connexion and always sit on the Opposition side of the House. Liberal newspapers try to argue themselves into the belief that a decision of this kind is of no consequence; that it implies no motive or object incompatible with the hearty co-operation of Liberalism and the Labour party. They say that in ninety-nine divisions in a hundred the Labour party has voted with the Government. The reason is that the Government programme so far has been chosen by the Labour party. The Chinese labour question, the Trades-union Bill, the Workmen's Compensation Bill have been the main bond of union between the Government and the Labour party up to the present. The earlier association of Liberalism and trade unionism was largely due to the fact that trade unionism was an individualist movement. Its founders and leaders were typical Liberals; but the purely Labour programme has well nigh exhausted itself; and with it the tradition which associated it with Liberalism has gone. Trade unionism is no longer trade unionism, but political unionism, which takes the whole field of social life and politics for its province. Land nationalisation, old age pensions, the right to work provided by the State, the feeding of children: these are some of the objects declared by the

Congress to be of immediate urgency. The Master of Elibank has discovered, very tardily, that these things are incompatible with Liberalism. No trade unionist contradicts him; and no previous Congress has gone so far as the present one in accepting his statement as a matter of course. The Labour party believes in its own strength and is in no accommodating mood with Liberalism. The strife will be registered in elections and Parliamentary proceedings, and no comfortable formula will hide the fact. Which party will suffer most the future will settle.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

LOUIS XV. was once asked by a member of his family if he knew the secret of the Man in the Iron Mask and replied that he did, but that if he enlightened his interlocutor, it would interest him very little. We confess to a somewhat similar feeling with regard to the meeting at Friedrichshof. We doubt if the conversation held there would entertain the world as much as the quidnuncs believe. It would have been not only more tactful but also more helpful towards the establishment of cordial relations between England and Germany if the meeting had been left to bear fruit without officious interference. The growth of a plant is not promoted by constant inspection of its roots, but British organs of the press which would willingly have allowed the interview to mature in its own way find themselves faced with German reflections of so authoritative a nature that they cannot be ignored, and comment is publicly invited by the prominent manner in which they are presented to our press.

People of common sense have always refused to be carried away by the torrent of anti-German prejudice which has swept over this country during the last few years and their attitude has been based upon the conviction that there was no fundamental ground of conflict to divide the two nations. Germany has a full right to build a fleet as large as she thinks necessary to defend her growing commerce, and the outcry that has been raised upon the matter by our own newspapers and by some public men has been both grotesque and undignified, though we have been perfectly justified in building all the more strenuously on our own part. But now that better relations are undoubtedly growing up it might have been as well to rejoice in the fact without moralising or commentary. However the article in the "Deutsche Revue" is clearly semi-official in effect and wholly official in inspiration, and it would be pure fatuity to ignore it.

It would be equally fatuous to pretend ignorance as to the part played in the past by personal feeling in exalted quarters, but it would be easy to exaggerate it, and this is the tendency of the German pressman as well as of those who cater for sensationalism in this country. We may let it slide with the reflection that British policy would have remained the same whatever the personal feelings of rulers may have dictated. The idea that England was privy to anti-German combinations is a delusion, for it is not at all to our interest that France and Russia should crush Germany and command the European situation. Anyone who was acquainted with the progress of our negotiations with France before the completion of the Agreement is well aware that our influence was never thrown on the side of ignoring Germany throughout. The responsibility there lay with France, and France suffered when she was content to abandon M. Delcassé at the bidding of Germany. The support of this country has been loyally rendered to France on all matters where we had engagements. If Germany felt aggrieved thereat, she had little reason and must have been unduly swayed by the foolish and offensive comments too often made by our press, which however were entirely unofficial.

The Anglo-French Agreement has turned out in the end a great deal more satisfactorily for us than we had any right to expect, but that was due to French laches and not to any cleverness of ours. We had certain difficulties to regulate with that country, and if we had any such differences with Germany we might negotiate in similar fashion. But we have not, and that alone is reason enough for discounting heavily much of the

talk about sinister designs on either side. It is difficult to see how there can exist any adequate grounds for quarrel when there does not exist the material for an agreement. The truth is we have no serious disputes to settle anywhere such as we have had with France and the United States in recent days, and if it were not for commercial rivalry, the phantom of war could never be conjured up. We are well aware that such causes have ere now led to war, but in this case the crippling of either combatant would not easily benefit the other, owing to the close interweaving of all commercial and financial relations in the present day. The comparison drawn by the "*Deutsche Revue*" between the relations of England and Germany a year ago and those of Prussia and Austria in 1866 seem about as wide of historic truth as any comment could well be. The struggle between those two Powers was inevitable, considering the pretensions of each in Germany, but we have no pretensions at all which need clash with those of Germany, unless we are to accept as definite national aims the shrieking of extreme Pan-Germanism, which we do not. It seems to us that it ought not to be impossible to reach some agreement with the German Foreign Office as regards the aims of Germany in the Near East. We have no interests there which need be menaced by any attempts on the part of Germany to develop her trade in Asia Minor. Beyond this matter we find it hard to imagine any ground of serious conflict.

The great fault, however, of all German semi-official communications is the almost invariable adoption of a tone of menace which irritates the other side. It is too reminiscent of the revolutionary maxim "*Sois mon frère ou je te tue*" to be really effective. We are still seriously assured by the "*Deutsche Revue*" that the Delcassé policy prevails in France and that the idea there is ever of a combination which shall isolate Germany. This pronouncement can surely be hardly serious. If there is any event Frenchmen wish to avoid, it is war with Germany. They have shown that with unmistakable emphasis. The principal obstacle to a frank acceptance of the Entente Cordiale with ourselves was the fear that we were for dragging France into a German conflict. It will therefore take a good deal to make Englishmen believe that we are being used by France to isolate Germany. Nobody believes either that Sir Edward Grey is trying to use Russia for a similar purpose. It may well be that he thinks the present moment opportune to settle some of our differences with that Power in Central Asia; but in truth these matters concern Germany very little and the "*Deutsche Revue*" is correctly inspired when it advances this as the theory on which our Foreign Office is acting, and we should not advise German readers to place too much reliance upon the arbitrary division of the Cabinet into Germanophiles and Francophiles. In fact at least two of the ministers confidently asserted to be especially devoted to Germany are ardent admirers of the French Revolution and of modern France.

Therefore, though of course extremely well informed, the writer in the "*Deutsche Revue*" has made one or two big mistakes which it is only right to indicate. There is to-day in this country a sincere desire to live on good terms with all neighbours. At the moment we have no grounds of quarrel with anyone and certainly have no desire to fabricate them. There has been general satisfaction that better relations have begun to prevail with Germany, with whom we have no reason to anticipate disputes. We think she should receive all the guarantees she may deem desirable within reason to make clear the perfect loyalty of our attitude. That would indeed be of more practical effect than the twaddle of Peace Conferences and the like. But on the other hand we would deprecate the error of over-emphasis, a danger which German diplomacy seems especially liable to. As to the interview at Friedrichshof its importance may easily be exaggerated. The Prime Minister was probably quite right when he stated that the inferences drawn therefrom were greatly emphasised and therefore it would be better left to work its beneficent results in semi-obscure.

CHINESE REFORM.

EIGHT years ago the Emperor launched a series of Reform Edicts which contained elements of great promise and had, on the whole, the sympathy both of foreigners and of the most enlightened among the younger officials and provincial magnates of China. Then came the coup d'état, which placed the Empress and Reactionaries in power and the Emperor in confinement, and produced executions and wholesale degradations of the most enlightened officials. Some of the most promising of the younger Reformers were put to death—one at least with barbarous tortures, at Peking: Chang Yin-hwang, who had been present as Special Representative of China at the Queen's Jubilee, beheaded in Tartary: the most enlightened provincial magnates replaced by Tartar reactionaries. Then the Boxer movement and the siege of the Legations: their relief, and the flight of the Court; the palsied invitation to the Empress and her clique to resume the position and power from which they had been deservedly driven; and—the consequences that always follow weakness in dealing with Orientals. The Decrees were criticised by some as going too far; but it was answered that the very lack of driving power in the Imperial Government contained an element of safety. They would have floated rather than have been forced into effect; and the Reform leaders of the day were regarded with confidence and sympathy. Contrast the estimate of the situation and of the Young China party to-day. The Court returned from Si-ngan in fear and trembling. Feeling its way, in astonishment probably at the absence of resistance, it has gathered courage to neglect treaties, evade concessions, break engagements and generally encroach on the position and privileges of foreigners in China. Instead of the projected reforms foreign residents note an increase, rather, of corruption—a condition so bad, at any rate, that thoughtful Chinese anticipate no real reform in that direction during the present generation; interference, on the contrary, with the one efficiently managed institution in the Empire because the management is foreign, and an avowed desire, first and before all things, to oust foreigners from positions of vantage—with the unavowed further desire to control any source of taxation or scheme of any kind involving the handling of money.

It is well to bear these reflections in mind when we are confronted by a new project of Reform. The Commissioners sent to take a bird's-eye view of Europe and America have returned, met, consulted and—hey presto—the Empress (this time, it is said, though in the name of the Emperor) promises a Constitution—some day, when the people have become sufficiently enlightened. The Commissioners have discovered, apparently, that the cause of China's weakness is the antagonism between rulers and ruled. Some might go deeper and detect it in the corruption and selfishness of officials who want to dabble in every pie, begetting an antagonism that finds expression in the unwillingness of the ruled to put money in any pie which the rulers are to handle. Anyhow, reforms are promised: educational, legal and judicial, financial, military and police reforms being admittedly needed before the people can be prepared for constitutional government such as now obtains in other countries. The frankness of the admissions may increase our surprise that an Administration so avowedly in need of reform should be so anxious to meddle with the Customs service and the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai, which might, one would think, be cherished as models for imitation. But only the inexperienced expect China to act as European logic would dictate. A Chinaman does many things backwards: he puts the place of destination at the top instead of the bottom of an envelope, and the needle of his compass points to the south. So that a desire to reform Shanghai and the Customs in an opposite direction need not be so inconsistent as might appear. It would be rash to criticise too closely a document of which we have a précis only before us; but experience disinclines one, generally, to accept Chinese paper at its face value. The classics are full of moral maxims; and a mandarin will, as the author of "*Chinese Characteristics*" has

remarked, quote Mencius on the sanctity of human life while cutting off a thousand heads. One can hardly do otherwise than anticipate warily where maxim and practice are often variant. Still it is possible that those who compiled the new Decree thought there was something in it. Chinese officials delight in proclaiming moral desiderata. Anyone who knows his China can see Prince Ching's tongue in his cheek when he is "assuring" (save the mark) H.M. Chargé d'Affaires that the Decree of 9 July "makes no change in the method of (Customs) administration", or the self-satisfaction of Tang Shao-yi when affirming that the dignity of China requires that she should assert her authority over a mere foreign servant like Sir Robert Hart. But foreigners are concerned here, and platitudes take a different form. Just as in the opium question. China grows three times as much opium as she imports and has shown no inclination, so far, to check production—though one might think, to read the annual debate in Parliament, that India was the sole source of supply—and, in proportion as the Indian crop can be reduced, more may be grown, of course—profitably—at home.

Many people would like to see the use of alcohol abolished in England; but no one has seriously proposed to stop the export of brandy from France as a means. The thought may be commended perhaps to our Reformers at home. We do not see neglect of treaties, or failure to implement concessions, or piratical outrages named among the causes of weakness. But then what are agreements for? A Russian statesman is credited with having defined them as intended to express the terms of settlement at the moment; and a writer in the "Fortnightly Review" once attributed our frequent misunderstandings with China to a belief that when a treaty is signed all is finished—whereas, in fact, it is only beginning. A measure of enlightenment may perhaps be derived from a letter discussing the situation in the last mail number of the "North-China Herald". It is signed "A Long-gowned Chinaman"—to imply, presumably, dissent from certain Young Chinese ideas: a clever letter, evincing education and observation; quoting Tennyson and Ste. Beuve and Goethe; yet naive to a degree that might seem wilful if we forget that we are looking through Chinese eyes. The corruption of the official class in China is admitted; though the evil is due, he thinks, more to hopeless drift at Peking and in the provinces, resulting in the disorganisation of the public services, than to innate corruption. Excellent good sense! we exclaim. But wait! What business is it of foreigners? "If the Emperor of China and the Chinese people prefer to have dishonest, inefficient Chinese officials rather than honest foreign officials to manage their Customs and Railways, that is their business and foreigners have no right to interfere." He disapproves of the self-assertiveness of Young China. But foreigners are not meeting them fairly. It is no use invoking the divine right of treaties; for, some day, the Chinese may rise up and ask "Who invested these treaties with divine right?" Foreigners want China to reform; so the mandarins are reforming hard, but they will (he anticipates) make a mess of it because what Chinamen want in their heart of hearts is not railways, nor new learning, nor European luxury, but to reform foreign ways of dealing with China! They do not object to foreigners coming to China to trade, and make a living, or even a fortune if they can. But they object to the whole machinery of their government, their way of living, their whole national life and existence being seized upon and made use of for the sole purpose of furthering and benefiting British and other foreign trade. The answer, of course, is patent. The management by China of her own affairs is the necessary goal towards which foreigners and Chinese are aiming. What foreigners are anxious to remedy is the mismanagement now prevailing; and it is the right of mismanagement covertly claimed by Young China and openly advocated by the "Long-gowned" one (whose culture and intelligence are in such singular contrast with his naïveté) that constitute the hopelessness of the situation. Does it not all come back to the question whether Europe is entitled to force itself on Asia at all? Intercourse involves, from our point of view,

insistence on security of life and property. Interference is inevitable so long as drift and corruption continue. When foreigners are freed from risk of these disabilities the occasion to interfere will cease. The answer springs to the lips. But it does not represent the Chinese view.

Perhaps our readers will now feel able to estimate more precisely the value of the new Decree and, approximately, when the new Constitution will arise.

THE CITY.

THE recent great spell of heat is responsible in a large measure for the decrease in business on the Stock Exchange during the past week, but although there has been a falling-off in the volume of transactions the result compares very favourably with the corresponding period of last year, and we have no reason to alter our opinion that the autumn and winter should be periods of considerable activity. The gilt-edged markets have been adversely influenced by the export of gold to New York and the fear that the Bank of England will be unable to secure the usual weekly imports of gold from South Africa. Apart from this transitory factor, there has been a very fair investment business in colonial bonds which should give cheer to the market, but jobbers in the Consol market are no longer as bold as in former days, the number of dealers is much greater and competition more severe, and they are extremely nervous of "taking a view" of the future. We see much in this market which should encourage the "bulls". The long-outstanding Transvaal loan is disposed of, as the Government has now waived its claim to the war contribution from the Transvaal, and instead a small loan of £4,000,000 is to be issued, chiefly in furtherance of a land settlement scheme and the promotion of a land bank. Then the budgets of the Australian States and New Zealand, which have recently been issued, show a splendid prosperity which should effectually remove any fear that the Australasian colonies are likely to apply to the London money market. These are two highly important influences and we do not think that we are likely to see lower prices for sound colonial securities, of which the floating supply is by no means large. In connexion with high-class colonial stocks the 3½ per cent. loan of the Province of Ontario is worth attention by those who may require a well-secured and improving security, yielding at the current price of 97½ about £3 12s. per cent. The Province has no public debt other than the loan of £1,200,000 above referred to, and the great prosperity of Canada generally must of course be reflected in its individual provinces.

The improvement which had taken place in Home Railway stocks has been gradually lost and during the past week prices have weakened all round, consequent on the fear of labour troubles, whilst the disappointing Caledonian dividend assisted the setback, more particularly as regards the Scotch lines. The American railroad section has been less active on the whole, but considerable attention has continued to be given to Atchisons and Unions, both of which have marked fresh records. Call money in Wall Street has been very high, touching 40 per cent. for overnight loans; but one can hardly take these onerous rates as a fair index, although they are so much advertised, the real fact being probably that a few "kerb" operators, as they are called, have been caught and made to pay heavily—we should doubt if sound broking houses had to pay more than 10 per cent. at the outside for their accommodation. There has been recently a considerable extension of investment in high-grade American railroad bonds by private investors in this country, and the remarks contained in the leading New York financial review as to the outlook are therefore of interest. It is pointed out that the low price of bonds now prevailing has been largely caused by fire insurance companies selling to provide payment on account of losses in San Francisco, and this urgent selling occurring in a dull bond market, when money rates were in an uncertain condition, has been largely instrumental in causing the low prices. On the other hand, prices

for nearly all railroads have risen greatly, while bonds have been declining, until now the yield on bonds is often greater than that of the common stocks of the same roads. It is believed that a strong demand will arise for very high-grade bonds when the United States Four per Cent. bonds of 1907 are refunded, as it is estimated that nearly \$80,000,000 of them are held by private parties who will not accept a refunding bond of 2 per cent. selling at a premium in exchange for their old Four per Cent. bonds. This, it is argued, will bring practically the entire amount of money into the market for investment in securities to replace the maturing Government bonds. Such refunding, it is also contended, will likewise be a help to the money market, as a large part of the \$80,000,000 United States Four per Cent. bonds now held by private parties, when refunded in the Two per Cents., will find its way, it is assumed, into the national banks and give basis for new circulation and new Government deposits. There is a great deal to be said for this line of reasoning, and investors might do worse than buy sound American railway bonds either with fresh money or in exchange for existing securities in other countries should the investor already have no interest in American securities.

The mining market has been much duller and the prices of the leading South African shares have dropped away, with clear evidence of "bear" selling. Rhodesian shares have been much dealt in and have shown improvement under the lead of Tanganyikas, which have been very wild at times under the increased speculation which has taken place in these shares. It appears that a meeting has been held in Brussels at which representatives of this company and the Belgian companies interested in the same district were present, and a powerful company is to be promoted under their joint auspices for the exploitation of the mineral resources of the country and also to carry out a Trans-African railway policy. This scheme if successfully carried through should have considerable influence on the future of the Tanganyika Concessions, which owns enormous areas upon which there appears to be little doubt that copper deposits in large quantities exist. The difficulty has been to bring the ore to the coast, and it is with this object that the Lobito Bay railway is being built. With copper at £86 a ton and the world's consumption increasing at the present rate, there is small wonder that copper companies are in favour, whether they be solid dividend-paying concerns like the Rio Tinto or speculative investments such as Tanganyikas or Spasskys.

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE air is at this moment a little overcharged with complaints about all the anomalies which beset the constitution of the county championship. The questions involved are deep and complicated; but to the lover of cricket the crowning anomaly lay recently in something more transient: he saw the county elevens trooping off the field for the season at the very moment when the sun struck hottest upon his cheek.

No one can deny that the past season has been extremely successful. Fine weather generally means a superfluity of drawn matches, but this season has seen very few matches hopelessly drawn, while many of the matches probably condemned to rot amid the ruck of the hopelessly drawn have really been more dramatic than the easily finished. There has been no need of wet weather in order to satisfy those who at the beginning of the season cried out in lamentation "How brighten cricket?" In a very dry season, a season against the bowlers, cricket has of itself justified itself. Let us hope that the remedies of a smaller ball, a higher or wider wicket and a narrower bat have for ever been discredited.

The reason for the change which has come over cricket seems to be this. The man who stays at the wicket for the sake of staying at the wicket in any circumstances, and who makes runs for the sake of making runs in any circumstances, just to gratify himself without regard to the welfare of his side, is, although

not yet extinct, at any rate becoming rarer. All those who have any sense in their heads, that is to say all those who ignore averages, are beginning to see that a quickly made forty may be much more valuable than a slowly made hundred and fifty, that a side may fail to win from a surfeit of runs just as easily as it may lose from a dearth of them. In a word cricket ceases to be dull when every batsman, whilst he is in, has a proper notion of the part he has to play to win a match, and plays it. This change is largely the result of good captaincy. It is within the power of every captain to make his side see that the winning of a match is the one goal to aim at, and he can strengthen his powers of persuasion by allotting his talent money not on the basis of number but of value.

It is a pleasant thing when the side which plays the most attractive cricket is also at the head of the list. When Mr. Jessop made more runs than he does at present, it used to be observed how easy things were made for him. No man, said the pavilion wiseacre, has more loose balls bowled to him, no man more long hops with which to deal. Mr. Jessop who began by getting his runs by driving, as the bowlers feared him more and bowled shorter, went on to get them by cutting, a safer method if the bowling is really short. The Kent team have this season generally managed to frighten the bowlers off their length before the end of the innings: the bowlers opposed to the long procession of Kentish hitters have never been allowed to rest, and somewhere on the batsman's list, early or late, things have been made easy for somebody. They have played cricket in a free holiday spirit and with bowling and fielding to match they stand rightly at the head of the list. Yorkshire, who lost the championship by one run, are to be pitied. They climbed high by good luck; they fell by bad luck. The old man who makes many marvellous recoveries at last dies. It was a fine struggle not equally apportioned, and but for George Hirst and a certain sting which rightly clings to the name of Yorkshire their place would have been settled much earlier in the season, and that place would have been lower than second.

The third serious claimant to the championship was Surrey. With a strong batting side headed by Hayward and one very dangerous but overworked bowler, Mr. Knox, they were just unable to struggle through with a sheet clean enough. Hayward is a great and immovable force on a side, but he is not essentially a winner of matches, and the Surrey team as a whole had not that relentless push which has marked Yorkshire in the great days or Kent during the present season. They were a better side than Yorkshire on a fast wicket, and it has been a season of fast wickets, not so good through lack of enterprise on a soft wicket; on neither kind of wicket were they the equals of Kent. In spite of anomalies, in which let mathematicians revel, on the whole the county championship table mysteriously represents the truth as to the first three counties on the list.

Of the other counties neither Lancashire nor Notts did anything extraordinary. Lancashire suffered by the frequent absence of Mr. Maclaren and by uncertain bowling. Sussex without Ranjitsinhji or Mr. Fry became dull and commonplace, but Essex after many troubles showed a great revival. Gloucestershire, with a strong side at the end of the season, decided the championship, while Middlesex in spite of the schoolmasters and many foreign imports failed badly to the end. Some of the other counties are resting under a cloud. Dr. W. G. Grace would have a second division instituted on the League system, and some of these unfortunates would have to descend. The scheme no doubt will be considered during the winter, by the county captains presumably, and the difficulties will be great. One thing is clear. By reducing the number of first-class counties the number of matches played will also be reduced and it will be possible for every county to play every other county in its class. Anomalies will have fled, and even if, as some say, the seriousness of the game, already too serious, be intensified, the call on the time and energies of the players will be undoubtedly less exacting. To keep the game a game open to the greatest possible number is the end to which we must press.

A CHURCH ROMANCE.

CIRCA 1835.

IN the high pew she turned, until her sight
Swept the west gallery, and caught its row
Of music-men with viol book and bow
Against the sinking sad tower-window light.

She turned again; and in her pride's despite
One strenuous viol's inspirer seemed to throw
A message from his string to her below,
Which said, "I claim thee as my own forthright!"

Thus their heart's bond began, in due time signed.
And long years thence, when Age had scared Romance,
At some old attitude of his or glance
That gallery-scene would break upon her mind,

With him as minstrel—ardent, young, and trim—
Bowling "New Sabbath" or "Mount Ephraim."

THOMAS HARDY.

WHEAT HARVEST.

A BOWL-SHAPED combe of the chalk downs holds the untamed fire of the sun as few corners of England can hold it. The first heat of the morning fell on the western rim of the hollow, and the eastern scarp will hold the last warmth of the afterglow. Here is no smallest trickle of water to chill the air; no gap in the hills lets through a breath from the sea; there are no wide hedges and ferny shaws of the weald to trap the heat and hold it in, not even one of the black-leaved elms which along the Thames valley keep a patch of dew in the cornfield till noon. The heat beats up from the shallow gravel over the chalk, from the thick-sown flints which glisten across the lower slopes, from the brown and slippery grass of the down; nothing casts a shadow in the whole combe but a ragged thorn hedge bordering a cart-road, a stock-yard and barn, bare and lonely, walls built of round sea-pebbles and cement, and across the flank of the western hill a little cluster of labourers about the piled wagons and the teams of black oxen moving slowly down the lines of sheaves, so far away across the open fields that their movement suggests the stir of ants storing their pillage. The whole combe is a furnace or crucible in which the stuff of life is being concocted; the yellow widths of uncut corn, the shocks ranked across the hill are ripening momentarily in the overflowing light and heat.

The flint-strewn slope is slowly cleared of the sheaves, so slowly that to an onlooker it seems as if the pigmy toilers in the bottom of the hollow were utterly over-matched by the serried lines. But a little watching brings a right understanding of the slow unresting method, the pace set by the practice of a thousand years, never slackening a step for the stress of the flaming afternoon nor hurrying a breath for the threat of the curled crests of thunder-cloud which lift themselves above the ridge of the down, climbing with barely perceptible motion into the opaque blue of the sky. Such a long-breathed tireless attack would win and carry harder fields than these. It is part of the economy of the seasons, as much in accord with the turning year as the furnace-heat which makes the flints burn in the chalky dust and sets the flinty jacket about the straw and turns the milky pith of grasses into the marrow of men. On the upper slopes there is some little stirring of the air; but down in the hollow the heat is still and stifling, turning the stubble to a sea of rippling haze and beating up from the ground like a breath from a kiln door. At the signal of the long hazel wand the oxen halt or lean into their yokes; the tanned harvesters pitch up the sheaves or build them

in courses high on the shaky foothold of the piled wagon. The work goes on, traditional, fundamental a first necessity; and yet, it seems, a matter of complete indifference to the world which it feeds. Beyond the eastern ridge of the hollow lies the county town, its high-piled roofs, its half a score of tall chimneys under a drift of smoke, its suburban building plots and desolate allotment-grounds; an iron bridge thunders hour by hour as the trains roll across the valley levels; the highway dust from ceaseless wheels sifts over the traveller's-joy in the hedges; from the little flint-built schoolhouse with the peaky gables comes the droning unison of the Standards. These things are the national concerns; these, and the rag of newspaper in the ditch, the tattered election bills which peel from the wall, the cigarette packets strewn along the road. The creeping wains and the slowly gathered sheaves are to a few the melancholy signs of a decayed industry, to a few they are archæological survivals, a glimpse of a vanishing picturesque: to the multitude whose daily bread is dispensed in automatic security by the baker's cart, they are too rude and barbaric elements, and have no relation to the ingenious complications of our life. For all that, the ant-like toiling and going to and fro of beasts and men are contributing their part to the available rations of the earth, at a heavier charge of life under the sun than many of us conceive of.

Down in the bottom of the combe all the greater world, the town, the smoking high road, the gables of the school, are shut out of sight; there one only sees the dun rampart of the downs with the crisped tops of the thunder-mountains piling slowly up into the pale blue above it, the gloss of the bullocks' polls, rusty brown through the black and the creases of their shining necks, the swarthy faces dark against the glistening straw. The creak and jolt of the wagon, the teamster's call, the dry rustle of the sheaves seem to overpower those hoarse thunders in the valley as well as the sleepy murmur of the school. Some other persistent hauntings are also excluded, when the temper responds as it should to the genius of the place. The tyrannous intellect becomes mild; usurping science knows its place. The branded toilers claim their descent, a part of all the host whose business it has been from the beginning to fill the mouths of the world. The brown arm beneath the ragged sleeve, its lean muscles corded under the lift of the prong, where the coursing sweat lays the hair smooth towards the wrist, is here the master: all the delicate-fingered trades, the crafts that thrive by spells of waving or folded hands, know their differences. Here, to a candid mind, the one necessary art and most ancient science has its due honour and puts down the thousand dependents, the trifling afterthoughts and decorations of life which have heaped themselves upon its patient shoulders. Honour then, while the mood holds, to the sun-dried troop who—whether they use the ancient tackle, swaphook and yoke and goad, or innovate with an American self-binder—maintain the succession of the first of trades and recall to an ingenious and facile nation the fundamental activity which supports the contemplative life and all other shapes of play. Honour to the ancient captain of the band, bent and white-haired, who halts a moment, leaning on his fork and wiping the sweat out of his eyes with knuckles sun-freckled and rheumatic-knotted, to consider and compare the slowly clearing stubble and the threat of the rising storm. If you, who have strayed from wonted paths into this hollow of the hills, be altogether a modern, an heir of the ages, born for other things than these, do you yet condone Mas' Botting's anachronous existence, though it outrage every economic theory you possess. Restrain your feelings, whether you are moved to laugh or cry at finding before you, after all your educational efforts, a thing some thousand years at least out of date, a character that has stuck at the bottom of the human scale, with principles barely superior to Hesiod's, let us say, or Numa's or those of that old king "agriculturæ deditus", who "loved ground". If you can understand the old man's dialect and make him understand yours sufficiently for the exchange of thought, spare his elementary conceptions, suffer him to air his paradox that "'tis the corn that makes the men", his

fancy that it makes a difference whether any given nation grows its corn by its own hands or by proxy, his dream that "the people as makes the laws 'll find out some day that they'll have to make folk take to the corn-growing, same as they makes 'em go to school now". Admit the theory, possible though wild, that there may be other sorts of schools in the world than that flinty and drowsy little tabernacle beside the dusty road; explore the conception—which happens, if the history be true, to be Numa's—of agriculture as character-forming rather than wealth-forming; and if, awake to the fact that for all the cunningest discoveries of time, somewhere or other in the earth the business of making stones into bread must go on in mathematical fulfilment of the formula of sweat and sun, you still prefer to sit in the shade and leave to others, East and West of your delicate clime, the science of the springs of life, then at least recognise your dependence, and reflect whether your manners as a general thing quite fit your position. Respect your betters.

"Parce et messoribus illis
Qui saturant urbem circo scenæque vacantem".

A FEMALE SANDFORD AND MERTON.

A MAN need not be very old to remember Day's book with pleasure, as a *pièce de résistance* when other books were exhausted, and it ought not to be hard to imagine a modern child delighted in the "Stories". But—the Moral is written with so immense an M! Some one said of Jeffrey, that his body was so small that his intellect was indecently exposed. So it is here. Perhaps poor dear Mary Wollstonecraft* was hardly an ideal writer for children. To one who has read of her life, the book is quite painful, since, will he nill he, he must laugh. She is not an attractive personality; she did several things better left undone. Let us label her Sinner by all means, if a sense of duty compel. But let us admit that the way of that particular transgressor was almost impossibly hard. If she trod the primrose path, the primroses were unbotanically prickly, much more wounding than the broken bottles of common life. If she was one of the shrieking sisterhood, she had something to shriek about. And no one will deny her brains, which makes it now more difficult to understand how she could so write for babies.

But it is much a question of dates. If a woman of equal capacity wrote this book now, she would quite properly be imprisoned as insane. Nowadays the view taken of childhood is "he must know pain. Let us keep him happy as long as we can". A hundred years ago it was "he must know pain. Let us get him used to it early". Hear Mary Wollstonecraft, "Caroline had accidentally disturbed some wasps, who were terrified, and of course stung her". "Her friend thus addressed her, with more than usual gravity. I am sorry to see a girl of your age (twelve) weep on account of bodily pain; it is a proof of a weak mind. How often must I tell you that the Most High is educating us for eternity?" Perhaps one method vaut bien l'autre. It is not for us to decide. No one can judge of the comparative merits of two centuries but the Eternal.

Besides our ancestors did not mete out with one measure to themselves and with another to their children. Barring perhaps "Tristram Shandy", one hardly remembers an eighteenth-century novel, frankly unmoral, designed only to amuse. None will accuse Fielding of being a prig. But he perpetually obtrudes his moral. There was no jam in those days without its powder, and the children only suffered with their elders.

If they suffered. Several considerations suggest a doubt. First, a book in those days was not a toy. Mr. Lucas (in his Introduction) wonders at the "parent or friend who, picking up the book in a shop, considered it the kind of thing to strike a bliss into the

soul of Master Henry or Miss Susan as a birthday present". Begging Mr. Lucas' pardon, they did not do anything of the kind. They considered it "improving" and "improvement" the *raison d'être* of a book. If they wished to "strike a bliss" they bought "me a doll of wax and brother Jack a top". And well the children knew the difference. When grandmamma was seen approaching, great was the anxiety in the nursery as to whether this time she would bring toys or nasty books. For grandmamma brought both, serving, at one time, the God of "Improvement", and, at another, the Mammon of Kindness. This is how she would have phrased it. Now, her God is our Devil, and vice versa.

Again, though the children in the Didactic books led the lives of small monks and nuns, well knew the children who read of them that there was not much fear of meeting Mr. Barlow, or the Mrs. Mason of this book, in private life. There were weak fathers and doting mothers ante Agamemnona, just as there are, no doubt, now, stern and inflexibly just parents. And the proportion of one class to the other was just the same. For human nature at least has not altered.

Moreover, though they would have preferred a toy, the children did find pleasure in the books. Mr. Lucas himself admits this of "Sandford and Merton", and of the "History of the Robins". We could add another book "Conversations of a Father with his Children" to the list. We remember a schoolroom fifty years ago which took great delight in these books, with the result that on one at least of the survivors they made a more lasting impression than "The Boy Hunters" and their clan. This schoolroom may have been exceptional. It was guilty of a poem, on the life of S. Edmund, which contained the following stanza:—

"He had a little hair shirt
In which he loved to sit,
And when he had been very good,
They put him into it."

The stony school of literature may have stood for the little hair shirt.

The greatest danger of these books seems to be that they would cultivate in the reader a taste for sarcasm. Reading the following, children, who are humorous and logical little beings, would, we fear, first laugh and then sneer. "I myself knew a man who found pleasure in tormenting every creature whom he had power over. I saw him let two guinea-pigs roll down sloping tiles, to see if the fall would kill them. He taught his children to be cruel while he tormented them; the consequence was, that they neglected him when he was old and feeble; and he died in a ditch." Might there not be a fear that some wicked little boy would first try the force of gravitation as affecting the guinea-pig, and then point to the fallacy, the *post ergo propter* of the conclusion?

It is possible that the "wiser youngster of to-day" would not find the amusement in these books which was found fifty years ago, admittedly out of date as they were even at that remote period. He is a much more busy person than his predecessor and has a lot of reading to do. Fifty years ago there was no Alice; think of the gap made by the removal from a child's library of Alice and her imitators. There were no Jungle Books, though we had "The Water Babies". There was one writer of children's books where now are a hundred: one "Magazine for the Young" where there are now—how many? For grotesque there was Edward Lear, but the age was so primitive that it had never heard of a Gollywog.

There were the old Fairy tales the possession of all ages, there were Miss Yonge and Mayne Reid, and there were the queer old moral books of the eighteenth century. And quite enough too. For a helluo librorum gets far less pleasure from his reading than the student of a few. Still, we do not wish to condemn the new books (except for multitude) or to overpraise the old. Lucky the child who can read and enjoy both.

* "Original Stories." By Mary Wollstonecraft, 1791. London: Frowde, 1906. 2s. 6d. net.

"THE WINTER'S TALE."

MR. TREE is an organiser of victory; and though he himself takes no actor's part in his twelfth and latest Shakespearean production, his influence pervades it, and the energy and ingenuity he has put into it have doubtless laid the foundations of a successful run.

People seem to be agreed that Shakespeare, except for a few tried plays, will not do for the modern stage without adventitious aids. We are all familiar with the aids which Mr. Tree adopts. A quite different method would be to give the poet in Shakespeare his full chance, perform the play swiftly and with no extra business, and give the verse its intended value as a charm which might really be communicated to the audience. Probably it would have far less success, yet for my own part, I would gladly surrender much else to be given the beauty of voice and verse as surely they might be given. But our actors think otherwise. They employ every means to disguise the fact that they are supposed to be speaking verse. Even when the general rhythm of a passage is allowed to assert itself, they insist on putting in Oh and Ah's and less articulate exclamations. I can understand the instinct that leads them to do this in the case of "literary dramatists", where the verse is monotonous and does not respond to turns of emotion. But the marvel of Shakespeare's dialogue is, that it has always the structure and gait of speech, not writing. Leontes in "The Winter's Tale" is apt to talk an extraordinary and obscure jargon; but it has the vivifying merit of representing with strange skill the shootings and recoilings of thought in a superheated mind; and this verse gains immensely by being spoken aloud. It is feverish speech enough—

I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy!

So says Leontes: but this is not enough for Mr. Warner, who mutters:

But not for joy—no, no—not joy.

The habit of interpolation seems to be common to all our actors. I wonder at it, because almost always it has no effect beyond that of jarring the ear by a spoilt rhythm. But I digress from my praises of the production at His Majesty's. The play is re-arranged, very wisely, in three acts. The scenery and costumes are, of their kind, excellent. Shakespeare, I am quite sure, would have rejoiced in the capabilities of the modern stage; he would have seen at once what a resource was added to the material of his art in scenic effect. Without disparaging the charming scenes which delight everybody at His Majesty's, I would like to point out that in an ideal theatre the character of the setting would be more conditioned by the character of the play. I mean that, whereas scenery is now all realistic, the proportion of realism should vary with the mood of the drama. Grand, normal, crashing passions are best suited with a scene massed broadly, the main features boldly emphasised, the detail lost: and with romantic moods the setting should be suggestive rather than elaborated. The scenery should chime with the dialogue; and when personages of an improbable story are to talk gloriously in ardent verse it would help the actors, place them in a natural atmosphere, if the scene about them were not realised with the remorseless actuality that we are now used to. Too realistic scenery heightens the unreality of verse in dialogue; the actors instinctively feel this; and I believe we may here find one of the reasons why they are shy of giving verse its full value, and are diffident of its effect.

From the point of view of a realist, "The Winter's Tale" is a tiresome and ridiculous play. It is strangely confounded. Having taken the material of an artless romance, Shakespeare moulds the characters into life: and in the process scenes that had originally no root in reality flower into vivid passion. It seems as if Shakespeare could not touch an emotional situation without sounding the depths of it; the note of terrible reality will come in; and yet we feel the story was never meant to carry us into such deep waters.

Some hold that even Malvolio in "Twelfth Night" strikes a note alien to true comedy. Certainly in "The Winter's Tale" the contrast between the serious and the gay is not greater than the contrast between the tragic reality of the first acts and the unreality of the means by which the situation is produced. Leontes' jealousy could, I think, be made plausible by an Italian actor. It is a thing of the South entirely, and should be played with a touch of the fantastic, with a natural nervous extravagance, impossible to the reason-dominated Briton. Mr. Warner's conception was doubtless the best possible for an actor of his temperament and training. Instead of being explosive and combustible—all in flame from a chance-fallen spark—he gave a picture as of a drug-corrupted lymphatic with "jumpy" nerves, petulant rather than passionate. This was given with power: but would such a temperament have flared up so fiercely or have repented so warmly? I well remember Mr. Forbes-Robertson in this part: he erred by giving the impression of too fine and serious a nature; but he was a deal more poetical. The want of dignity in the present Leontes is emphasised by the bearing of the Hermione. Miss Terry is royal with the royalty of nature not of station. And she is a woman, womanly. There is a certain accent that Shakespeare among all poets is the greatest master of; an accent of utter genuineness of feeling expressed in an absolute naturalness of speech; and this accent is often made to strike our hearts after our minds have been exercised with a style of speech the most complex and subtle in metaphor, the most far-fetched and strange in expression that can be conceived. As Matthew Arnold says, this style can be "detestable"; but he did no justice to Shakespeare's other style, nor to the art of contrast by which this other style is made to tell. Now Miss Ellen Terry has just the corresponding genius for uttering such speech, that Shakespeare had for writing it.

"Adieu, my lord:

I never wished to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall."

I wonder if Mrs. Siddons (whose Hermione was so famous a performance) could have spoken these and the like words with as enchanting naturalness of beauty as does Miss Terry? I think not. Everyone should go to His Majesty's, if only to hear her and to see her in this part which has been waiting for her since it was first written. It is unfortunate for the Polixenes that his faults are just those which Miss Terry's excellences make obvious. A friend of mine was appealed to by an American lady in Italy before a Paul Veronese with the exclamation, "Now, isn't he just the artist, all the time?" Substituting "actor" for artist, I might apply the compliment (with a difference) to Mr. Julius Knight. Certainly there was nothing of the amateur in his performance. But it did not occur to one to think of Miss Terry as "acting"; for as she was Hermione, Hermione was Ellen Terry. The dignity and sweetness of the wronged queen left so powerful an impression that the lighter idyll to come seemed to hold the audience less. Yet Miss Viola Tree made a girlishly delightful Perdita. She seemed to enjoy her part; and such pleasure communicates itself to an audience at once. She spoke the famous lines about the flowers with a spontaneous grace, not with the laboured conscious air which it is so hard not to give to passages that everyone remembers and is expecting. Her voice gave the rhythm too, though her gestures were less rhythmical, being all through too abrupt and unquiet. Perhaps if she had had real flowers in her basket, she would have touched them more tenderly. And why not real flowers, when we had the sight of real water and a real donkey, both superfluities to the text? All this part of the play lagged a little; so much time was spent on extra business, quite non-essential, that the heart of its jollity was smothered, just as Autolycus was smothered by the crowd of shepherds and shepherdesses. Mr. Somerset is a most clever, though rather monotonous actor; he is ill suited, with his over-subtle modern methods, to so thoroughly a Shakespearean character as Autolycus. He wanted breadth; he had no high spirits. And they had taken from the scamp his merry

vagabond's song, and given it to Perdita! Surely an exquisite impropriety! Mr. Basil Gill had more romance in his face and bearing than in his voice. His rendering of that wonderful speech of Florizel to his love—one of Shakespeare's miracles of writing, in which the free rhythm of his latest time is seen at its most masterly—has left no memory with me. Indeed, it must be said of the whole production that the women's parts are better played than the men's. Mrs. Tree's Paulina, if a little hard, was spirited and effective. Whatever critics who rave of "construction" may say, "The Winter's Tale" ranges at a master's will from power to charm, from pathos to ringing laughter. Mr. Tree's presentment allows too little to the generous make-believe of romance; but it is not a thing to miss.

LAURENCE BINYON.

TURNER'S "LIBER STUDIORUM".

NEARLY thirty years have elapsed since the publication of the first edition of Mr. Rawlinson's descriptive catalogue of the "Liber Studiorum". The book at first was very coldly received and, from a commercial point of view, was a distinct failure. But the number of admirers and collectors of "Liber" steadily increased. Mr. Rawlinson's book went out of print and its second-hand price rose gradually from its modest shilling or eighteenpence till it became more costly than many first states of the plates it described. The collectors' instinct was right, for Mr. Rawlinson had lavished an amount of enthusiastic labour upon his subject such as no other theme in the annals of English art had commanded. Collections public and private had been ransacked; the various states of each plate were fully and accurately described; and a thorough and minute investigation of all the circumstances connected with the inception, execution and publication of the whole work had been made. The only omission that the most minute scrutiny could discover was the absence of descriptions of the proofs pulled by the engravers before the plates were published—an omission which, if we consider the difficulties involved in such a task, was certainly not deserving of censure. But in the new edition of Mr. Rawlinson's book which has recently been published,* even these difficulties have been overcome; fresh "states" of several plates have also been discovered and additional information has been obtained on various points connected with the history of "Liber" as well as with details of the various plates, especially of the attractive but puzzling unpublished subjects. It is almost unnecessary to add that the new edition has received a wide and enthusiastic welcome.

A number of the "Liber" plates were issued without titles, and for these Mr. Rawlinson has used the traditional titles which have been given them by collectors. As Mr. Rawlinson has pointed out there are reasons for doubting the accuracy of some of these titles, but he has ventured only in one instance upon an alteration. This is the plate described in the first edition as "Twickenham—Pope's Villa" (63) which has sometimes been entitled "Garrick's Temple and Hampton Church"; the view, as Mr. Rawlinson observes, is undoubtedly "taken from the towing-path" of the Thames "just below and opposite Isleworth". Mr. Rawlinson is therefore justified in renaming this plate "The Alcove—Isleworth"; though the printers have made a mistake in printing this title in ordinary capitals, instead of in italic capitals, which the plan of the book has reserved for titles other than those of Turner's giving. It may interest Mr. Rawlinson to know that a manuscript note in one of Turner's pocket-books confirms his alteration. Since the publication of Mr. Rawlinson's new volume a manuscript list of the first fifty published plates, in Turner's handwriting, has also been discovered. This gives for the first time Turner's own titles to all the plates. But only in one instance is the difference between these titles and the traditional ones of real importance. This refers to the

fourth plate which has rashly been identified with "Flint Castle"; Turner's title is "A Scene on the French Coast". The censure which has been passed on Turner for not reversing this subject and for not making his drawing a more exact representation of Flint Castle is therefore proved to have been undeserved. It is also curious to find that Turner's title for plate 13 (R.), the traditional title of which is "The Bridge in Middle Distance" or "The Sun between Trees", is "Walton Bridge".

In a work like Mr. Rawlinson's, covering such wide ground and dealing with a very large number of detached observations whose verification is difficult and occasionally impossible, a certain percentage of inaccuracies might naturally be expected. But the standard of accuracy Mr. Rawlinson has attained is singularly high. The constant use of his book during three months has not brought to light a single important error. A few minor inaccuracies may, however, be noticed for the sake of the future editions, which are sure to be called for. The writer of the letter printed in pp. xii. and xiii. of the Introduction is not the "daughter of the Rev. Henry Trimmer, vicar of Heston", but of Mr. W. F. Wells, the artist; this slip makes Mr. Rawlinson speak of Trimmer, instead of Wells, as suggesting the original idea of the "Liber" (p. li.). There is no dot in the centre of the "O" in "Athol" in the third state of plate 30. The original drawings of the following subjects are incorrectly said to have been bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Mr. Henry Vaughan: "Apuleia in Search of Apuleius" (72), "Moonlight on the Medway at Chatham" (86), and "Sand Bank with Gipsies" (91). The oil painting from which this last plate is taken is in the National collection, but is not at present "in the National Gallery". The original drawing of plate 77 is said to be in the possession of Alderman Hibbert of Preston; this may be so, but there is an undoubted drawing of this subject in the National Gallery (Vaughan Bequest), and Turner is hardly likely to have made two drawings for the same plate. In the second set of reproductions published by Mr. Frank Short (in Appendix C, p. 234) No. 90, "Narcissus and Echo" has been omitted. The note (p. 210) to Turner's letter to F. C. Lewis, enclosing a "View of Chepstow", identifies this drawing with plate 48 ("River Wye"), instead of with plate 28 ("Junction of Severn and Wye"); the same error is repeated on p. xxii. of the Introduction. Turning to questions of taste, it is almost presumptuous to call in question the opinion of one who has so thoroughly mastered his subject as Mr. Rawlinson, but with due deference to so distinguished an authority, I must say that I find it difficult to follow the statement that the etching of "The Source of the Arveson" (R. 60) "is weak and no doubt by Dawe's hand". The etching seems to me to make an admirable support to the mezzotinting, and it is at least unlikely that Turner would let an engraver etch a plate he was going to mezzotint himself. But these are minor matters; what is more serious is that a book which will be so largely used as a book of reference, though it is much more than a mere book of reference, should have been printed on such soft absorbent paper that it is incapable of receiving notes in ink. However, the responsibility for this serious error of judgment rests with the publishers, rather than with the able and enthusiastic author.

To the general student of Turner's work not the least valuable part of Mr. Rawlinson's volume is the fifty odd pages of introduction, in which the position of the "Liber" in the career of England's greatest landscape painter is admirably sketched. But the details of the artist's life at this period are so meagre and conflicting that the need for further research and discussion with regard to several questions is obvious. What, for example, is the chronological order in which the designs and the plates were actually executed? That it differed from the order in which the plates were published is certain. There are also grounds for doubting whether we know the exact order in which the plates were published or the dates when the first numbers were issued. Again, was the "Liber" a failure or a success from a pecuniary point of view? Mr. Rawlinson says there is

* Turner's "Liber Studiorum", a Description and a Catalogue. Second Edition, revised throughout. By W. G. Rawlinson. London: Macmillan. 1906. 20s. net.

"no doubt" that it was from the beginning "peculiarly a failure"; yet in a statement Turner drew up entirely for his own use of the condition of his affairs in 1811, he appraises the "probable advantage of the 'Liber Studiorum'" at no less than £2,000, and adds £500 to this as the value of the original drawings made for the work. This was, according to Mr. Rawlinson, four years after the first number had been published, and when the artist had had plenty of opportunities of gauging the amount of support his publication was likely to receive: and we must remember that Turner did not share the usual artistic incapacity with regard to financial matters. Another point has been raised by Mr. C. F. Bell, in an able article published in "The Genius of Turner" ("Studio" Winter No., 1903). Mr. Rawlinson says that Turner had first decided to employ aquatint as the medium in which the plates were to be engraved, that the plate engraved in this medium by F. C. Lewis ("The Bridge and Goats" R. 43) was the first plate of the "Liber" series, and that it was only after Turner had quarrelled with Lewis that the "finer medium of mezzotint" was chosen "in place of aquatint". Mr. Bell argued with much cogency that, if Lewis's plate was the first, the accepted date of publication of the first part must be abandoned. As Turner's letter to the engraver acknowledging receipt of the proof of "The Bridge and Goats" is dated 14 December, 1807, it is obvious that the plate could not have been "a preliminary trial of method for a series of prints, five of which had already appeared eleven months before"—the first number, according to the accepted opinion, was issued on 20 January, 1807. Mr. Rawlinson, however, while describing Mr. Bell's argument as "very ingenious", still clings to the "old tradition". He also advances the curious argument against Mr. Bell that the "dates on some of the earlier 'Liber' plates are certainly puzzling, but anyone familiar with the engravings of this period knows how little the dates on prints of that time can be relied upon, as they were constantly erased, added, or altered, to suit the requirements of publishers" (p. 105, second edition). This is very true; but I call the argument curious because it is Mr. Rawlinson who relies on the dates on the prints, as against Mr. Bell who relies on the date on a letter.

There is, I believe, no evidence that Part I. was issued on 20 January, 1807, and Part II. on 20 February, 1808, except the dates on some of the prints. Mr. Bell might have strengthened his case against these dates by the evidence of an article published in "The Review of Publications of Art" for June 1808, which was almost certainly written by the eminent engraver, John Landseer, but for which, if he did not actually write it, he was responsible as editor and chief proprietor of the review in which it was published. Only two conclusions can be drawn from this article, viz. (1) that Parts I. and II. of "Liber" had not then been published, or (2) that they had been published, but the writer was not aware of the fact. Now when we consider that John Landseer was then in the midst of an energetic campaign against the national indifference to the works of British engravers; that his review was founded mainly for the purpose of drawing attention to these works; that the numerous references to Turner in each number of the review show that Landseer had fully realised Turner's artistic importance and that he was on friendly and even confidential terms with him; that Landseer had been one of the first engravers to recognise Turner's genius; that he had bought drawings from him and given him commissions as far back as the year 1795, and that he had actually in hand at that time, with a view to publication, a series of engravings of "Views in the Isle of Wight", for which Turner had provided the drawings;—when we give these considerations their due weight, it seems to me highly improbable that two numbers of one of the most important undertakings in the art of engraving which had been put on foot in London should have been published without attracting the attention of John Landseer.

A. J. FINBERG.

BRIDGE.

BEFORE we leave the subject of doubling, it will be well to consider the proper lead in answer to a double of a suit declaration.

Directly any declaration is doubled the position of affairs is entirely altered. The opponents are no longer defending, they become at once the attacking party, and they have to play an attacking game instead of a defending one.

There are two very different positions to be considered (1) when the doubler is over the declarer, and (2) when he is behind him. When the doubling hand is over the declaring one, it should be obligatory on the doubler's partner to lead a trump at the earliest possible opportunity, and to lead his highest, if he has more than one, whatever the value of them may be. This is a good sound wholesome rule, but it is a curious fact that the more sound and wholesome a rule, the more some players will find pretexts for departing from it, and this particular rule is a favourite ground for the exercise of such vagaries.

Instead of leading a trump at once they will open a short suit in the hopes of making a ruff in their own hand, and thereby upset the whole scheme of the game for the sake of one very problematical trick. Or they will proceed to "show their own suit first" as they style it, before leading a trump, the usual result of this vagary being either that the suit gets trumped, or that their partner is left without another one to lead after the trumps are exhausted. A good player can always be depended upon to find out his partner's suit without any adventitious aid of this kind. When a sound suit declaration is doubled, the doubler's partner is very unlikely to have many cards of entry, and it is probably of supreme importance to the doubler to get a trump led through the declaring hand. Whenever a declaration is doubled, whether it is No Trumps or a suit declaration, the partner is bound to play entirely for the doubler's hand, and to assist him as much as possible by leading what he is most likely to want, and that must surely be a trump through the declaring hand.

When the doubler is behind the declarer the position is different. The trump lead is now a correspondingly bad one, because it will be up to the declared strength instead of through it. Suppose the dealer declares hearts, and the third player doubles, the original leader must not lead a trump, but should open his strongest suit. On no account should he open a weak suit. There is now no question of defence, the situation has turned round, and the defenders have become the attacking party. The leader should not necessarily open his longest suit, but a suit in which he can hope to win a trick or two. An ace king suit is of course the best, next to that a king queen suit, or a queen knave suit, or any suit of which he holds one or two high cards.

When the leader himself has doubled the dealer's declaration, he will open his strongest suit, other than trumps, but when the third player gets in, he should always lead his best trump at once, he must not imagine that his partner does not want a trump led because he has not led one himself—he wants the lead to come through the strength, that is all.

When the third player doubles a declaration made by dummy, the leader should open with his highest trump, and on no account part with an ace "to have a look round", as is the custom of some people who call themselves bridge players. That ace is a very valuable card, and is likely to be of three times as much value later on.

Precisely the same principle holds good when a declaration of spades has been doubled. There is an extraordinary idea, firmly rooted in the minds of many players, that it is not right to lead a trump in answer to a double of spades. How or where this idea first originated we do not know. Probably one of the many irresponsible writers on the game laid it down as an axiom, and it took root and flourished. There is no sort of reason or method in the idea. The spade declaration is naturally doubled more lightly than any other, because it amounts to a confession of weakness, but no reasonable player would double simply on that

account. He doubles either because he is strong in trumps, or because he is very strong in the other suits, or on a combination of the two, and in any case it must be to his advantage to draw his opponents' teeth by taking out their trumps.

The lead of a trump in answer to a double is not in any way a convention, it is simply the application of common sense, the argument being that when a player is strong enough to double it must be to his advantage to get the trumps out, as no sensible person would double on the chance of making a small trump or two by ruffing.

Hardly a sitting of bridge passes without several tricks being lost by not leading trumps in a doubled spade hand, but the idea is not so common as it was, and players are gradually gaining wisdom, and learning to apply the same principles to spade declarations as to more valuable ones.

CHESS.

THE COMING CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

THE bellicose word "Championship" always seems to retain a certain vague attraction, conjuring up visions of heroic or desperate combat between well-matched and magnanimous foes. The conflict must almost necessarily have an added interest when the chief actors are of different nationalities. The premiership of the chess cabinet has now been seriously challenged and Dr. Lasker is understood to be overhauling his armoury—preparatory to crossing the Atlantic—in readiness to meet Gèza Maroczy, his challenger. A mental tussle of this calibre naturally appeals to comparatively few, for caviare is gall to the multitude, and where perhaps a dozen men actually read and enjoy the printed moves of a game of chess, hundreds devour and gloat over the details of a football match or pugilistic encounter. Chess, however, has the almost unique advantage that future generations of players can follow the fortunes of war with as much pleasure and profit as ourselves. Matches of the first magnitude are comparatively rare, for there are never more than four or five masters, at the most liberal estimate, who can seriously be regarded as rivals to the reigning monarch; and considerations of health, finance, or private ties have in the past deterred some mighty men from taking off their coats. Custom has now apparently fixed the stakes at about four hundred pounds a side, no very immense sum in proportion to the severe tax on one's faculties which deep analysis over the board necessitates, especially when one marks the rich prizes that nerve and judgment, plus capital, can garner, sometimes in a few hours, in Wall Street and other golden places.

Some curious trophies have been played for at chess, surely the pastime least liable to be contaminated by the gambling instinct. Disraeli tells of a Polish Count who in one season "lost to a Russian general at one game of chess his chief castle and sixteen thousand acres of woodland; and recovered himself on another game on which he won of a Turkish Pashaw 180,000 leopard skins"—presumably this was an option in future carnivora. "The Turk," he adds, "who was a man of strict honour, paid the Count by embezzling the tribute in kind of the province he governed, and as on quarter day he could not of course make up his account with the Divan, he joined the Greeks"! Perhaps when a chess-loving Landor arises one may hope to read these imaginary games. Passing over antediluvian epochs—are not the chronicles of those times to be found in the records and encyclopædias?—the title of champion seems, after the death of La Bourdonnais, to have been, if not actually in abeyance, at any rate somewhat obscure and ill-defined. When Staunton so decisively beat St. Amant in Paris in 1843, the title was adjudged to have located itself in England—just as, in the minds of many, the America Cup is assumed to have settled for ever in the States—though had communication then been as easy and convenient as to-day it is probable that either Der Lasa or Hanstein might have seriously disputed its abode.

From the time of the great exhibition in London in

1851, Anderssen, save for one brief eclipse, occupied the throne and, by general acclamation, adorned it for fifteen years. The romantic advent of Morphy, indeed, caused his light to shine for a period less brightly, and the vintage games of that wondrous year are still effervescing and clear. Such a portent, however, is altogether out of the common, and it would be unprofitable to speculate on the possibilities, could Morphy and Lasker, or Philidor and Anderssen confront each other with chess paraphernalia on the confines of the Styx. All one can safely assert is that the rarest genius can invariably adapt itself to novel conditions. Had circumstances called for it Philidor would doubtless have jettisoned his favourite pawn formations and Morphy his overbearing ventures as easily as Lasker can, when strong measures are called for, abandon his quest of the end game and charge his opponent at the point of the bayonet.

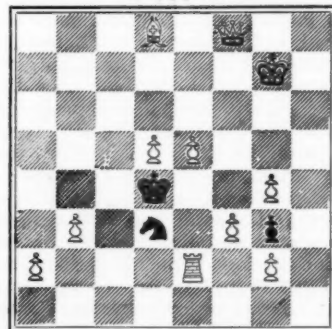
In 1866 Anderssen relinquished his chair to Steinitz after a great struggle in London. The score of this match, after vicissitudes on both sides, reached six all, and then the latter added the necessary two to his total. The bold tactics adopted constituted a remarkable feature of this contest, no less than ten out of the fourteen games being genuine gambits; and none of the battles were drawn. Steinitz, aided by a singular personality, held the pride of place for nearly thirty years, one of his more startling theories being that a match-player, while fighting for public honours, has no right to be in bad health any more than a general has on the battlefield. His triumphs were almost legion, possibly that in 1886 against the peerless Dr. Zukertort being marked with a white stone in the innermost niches of his memory; and after twice visiting Havana to conquer Tchigorin, he finally succumbed to Lasker in 1894. Youth will always in the end be served, and—as in the analogous case of Wyllie in his last match at draughts—the pitcher was carried to the well once too often.

But much gratitude is due to Steinitz for his courage in a trying ordeal, and his games, full of subtlety and foresight, are always with us. A return match was played some two years later in Moscow, but naturally he made little headway and his health and eccentricities subsequently caused his admirers the gravest concern.

A pleasing feature of the coming match is the courteous tone and reasonableness of the preliminary negotiations. One recalls periods when an almost indispensable adjunct to a great match was a series of vitriolic letters. But the obsequies of these incidents have years ago been duly celebrated and a new age, perhaps a golden one, begins next month.

PROBLEM 91. By JAN KOTRČ (Prague).

Black, 3 pieces.



White, 11 pieces.

White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM 92. By P. K. TRAXLER (Veseli).—White: K-Q6, Q-QKt2, P-K5. Black: K-QKt1, B-QR2, Ps-KB2, QKt3, QKt4. White mates in three moves.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 88: 1. P-B7, K-Q3. 2. P-KB8=Q(ch), &c.
If 1... KxP. 2. P-Kt8=Q, &c.
89: 1. P-Q4, P-Kt3. 2. R-Kt5(ch), &c.
90: 1. Q-R1, P-Kt3. 2. R-Kt5(ch), &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADA: FINAL IMPRESSIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 September, 1906.

SIR,—Perhaps the most striking feature in the progress of the Canadian North-West is the rapid growth of the Prairie cities. Winnipeg is of course well known by name at least to most people. But Brandon, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton remain up to the present comparatively unrecognised, and yet each of these cities has more than doubled its population in the last four years, and they bid fair to become places of considerable importance in the near future. An investment in town lots in either Brandon, Regina or Calgary could not fail to show handsome profits, as prices are not unduly inflated considering what the prospects are. In Winnipeg prices are perhaps justified, but there would seem no great margin for profit. The case of Edmonton is vastly different. Prices of town properties there have been boomed beyond all reasonable limits, and the future of the place has indeed been discounted. A fall in prices would seem inevitable. Of the building of railways, both trunk lines and branches, there seems to be no end. Only the scarcity of labour hinders more rapid construction. It has now been recognised that from ten to twelve miles is as far as a farmer will haul his grain, so that there is plenty of room for more railroads and there will be plenty of traffic for them too. There is one point which must forcibly strike anyone who has revisited the North-West after an absence of say five years, and that is the change in the manners of the people.

That it is a distinct change for the worse, no one can deny who has been at all observant. Formerly you met with a hearty welcome and a smiling face, now there is no welcome and the smile has changed into an indifferent and somewhat contemptuous scowl. It has become the country of "You don't have to". By this is meant that the ordinary forms of common politeness are disregarded because you are not obliged to conform to them. A man sitting beside a gate when you drive up with a lady will not think of opening the gate; "he doesn't have to". You ask a question of a telegraph operator outside his direct business. You get no reply. "He doesn't have to"—and the experiences multiply day by day. In a word the people of the North-West have become pronounced socialists. Everyone is as good as everyone else, only each is just a little bit better than the other—or thinks he is. It is impossible to say what factor the American invasion has been in this connexion, possibly a considerable one; but the fact remains that it exists, and that it is not pleasant. There can be no doubt that the settlers from over the border will make good Canadians, but that they care or even know anything about the British Empire at present is more than doubtful. It will take many years to make them Imperialists of the type of their brethren in Eastern Canada.

A word must be said too of the women and children of the Canadian North-West. It would indeed be a pleasant duty to be able to praise their looks and fashions, but alas! this is impossible. No one can enter a street-car in Winnipeg and fail to be struck with the singular want of beauty and grace both of women and children. It is the rarest thing to see a woman or a child with any pretensions to good looks or good carriage. Nor does the fashion of going about hatless and the hair tied at the back with a bow of ribbon add to their attractiveness. It is perhaps allowable for children and young girls, but for spinsters and others of mature years it is simply ludicrous. Faces and arms too the colour of mahogany are not pleasing to the eye. The men in appearance are all right, the women and children just the opposite, which is a pity, to say the least of it. One can only hope that this is only temporary and that the race will improve. It shows no sign of it at present; on the contrary, it has much deteriorated in the last few years. But the country develops with great quickness, and this in spite of the

dictum of a high official of the Hudson's Bay Company before Lord Strathcona took command "that he would rather have one acre in Quebec than a thousand in the North West". How wrong he was, like many another good man before him! For it is quite certain that neither Ontario nor Quebec would have improved one iota in the last five years had it not been for the opening up of the North West and its astonishing progress. In point of fact the West, as in many another country, is making the East. It would not be fair in setting out these final impressions to omit some mention of British Columbia in general and Vancouver City in particular. It is strange but true that the remarks as to the manners, or rather lack of them, in the North West, do not apply here—and the women are more comely. It is difficult to find a reason for this—at all events only one can be advanced here. The climate possibly may have something to do with it. It is a glorious province with a great future before it, and Vancouver would seem in present circumstances perhaps the best field for investment in Canada. It has grown steadily and surely, and with its magnificent harbour, where the biggest fleet of battleships in the world could ride safely at anchor, it would be surprising indeed if it was not eventually one of the most populous cities of the Dominion. How the trade of Canada is developing may be seen from the last Government trade returns which show that for the year ending 30 June, 1906, the imports have increased £5,750,000 over those of 1905, and the exports of domestic produce no less than £9,000,000—agricultural products leading the way. The total trade of the Dominion in 1896 was £48,000,000, in 1906 it was £110,000,000.

These figures are proof of the marvellous development which is taking place in farm, forest, fisheries, manufactures and mines. What an important factor the Canadian Pacific Railway has been in the opening up of the country, only those who have travelled over this immense territory can possibly appreciate. It is safe to say that to the pioneers of this gigantic enterprise backed by British capital is mainly due the prosperity of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But there is ample room for more trunk lines and it is almost certain that within three years both the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern will have reached the Pacific, thus opening up more farming country, more timber limits, and more mining prospects. In point of fact the rise of Canada and of all Canadian enterprise is only in its infancy. That the next few years will witness at least the same expansion and progress in the Dominion which has taken place across the boundary is the unanimous and deliberate opinion of all those who are best qualified to judge. To the dwellers on the prairies cheap fuel and cheap building materials are essential. Hitherto both fuel and cement have been very dear, but the recent developments of the Souris Coalfield by the Western Dominion Collieries Company and the erection of the large Cement Works at Exshaw, a short distance west of Calgary, will soon put matters on a different footing. Coal at about 10s. 6d. per ton, and cement at 10s. 6d. a barrel, should be an immense boon to the settlers.

And now a final word as to the relative positions of Great Britain, Canada and the United States. It cannot be too often or too deeply impressed upon the Foreign and Colonial Offices that no amount of truckling to the United States Government will be of the slightest use in making the people of that country more friendly to ours. No one who travels off the trunk lines of the United States can fail to be impressed by the intense jealousy—not to put a harsher term upon it—of the mass of the people towards us and all our works. They secretly detest our friends and sympathise with our enemies. Nor will this sentiment change in the next hundred years. Canada is quite strong enough now to take care of herself, and this task she is prepared to undertake, but there must be no meddling or muddling from London. A repetition of the Natal episode would be promptly and deeply resented and would almost certainly result in the loss of the colony to Great Britain. Only those who know the country well can realise how irreparable that loss would be.

I am, yours very truly,

T.

PROMOTION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Stockwell, 1 September, 1906.

SIR,—Elementary teaching suffers as a career from the great drawback that promotion to head teacherships is possible for only a small percentage of those who enter the ranks of the teachers; and the formation of an equitable and effective scheme of promotion is one of the most difficult problems that the educational administrator has to face.

Elementary schools differ widely as regards the class of children attending them; and the experience of the London County Council seems to be that the more highly qualified and ambitious among the teachers seek employment in schools in good neighbourhoods and in which relatively advanced work is undertaken. Such a preference is quite easy to understand, and those who have taught, as I have done, in the poorest of London schools will sympathise with it; but it is nevertheless to be regretted, since intelligence is not a monopoly of the prosperous suburbs; and the placing of the better equipped teachers in the socially poorer schools does not mean necessarily the wasting of power upon unpromising material. I am glad that my first experience of elementary teaching was gained in a poor neighbourhood, and I think that all teachers would benefit by first-hand acquaintance with such work. But experience of this sort ought to be gained at a time when the teacher is buoyant and hopeful, and probably enthusiastic enough to recover completely from his depressing surroundings. If therefore it became a general practice to appoint young teachers fresh from college to the poorer schools—as we send young soldiers at once into the firing line—and to reappoint them at intervals of a few years each to schools more and more favourably placed, we should set up a wholesome current throughout our system,—a movement which would increase the width of our teachers' experience and sympathies, and therefore benefit the schools in which they were successively engaged;—a movement also which would ultimately form a body of teachers united by the possession of a thorough and through knowledge of the system as a whole, instead of a teaching body which has its patches of stagnation and hopelessness, and is subject also to a tendency to split into strata corresponding with the differences in the schools.

Secondary teachers circulate perhaps rather too freely. In one London school I know they circulate at an astonishing rate, to the very great gain of the scholastic agency which continues "unreservedly to recommend" the place; but if there were a greater circulation among the primary teachers of a given district the authorities would be the more easily able to pick the head teachers they require from that section of the stream where the teachers have the most varied experience. Such a system should not, I think, result in a dead-level uniformity. It ought rather to give richness and variety of experience to the teachers who work under it.

On the same lines a teacher's first headship might well be in a poor district, though it by no means follows that the heads of slum schools ought to be removed to more favoured areas as automatically as their assistants; partly because they are not in such close personal contact with the children; partly because poor districts have to be known intimately, and the head is most valuable when kept in the school of which he has gained such minute knowledge. He should be the experienced and wary captain who knows every inch of the ground and who can therefore best direct the vigorous youngsters who do the actual fighting. Some of the latter also would probably prefer to remain beyond their period in poor schools in order to qualify more directly for headships in schools of special difficulty.

Elementary teaching is rapidly becoming a branch of the Civil Service, and Civil Servants are moved from place to place at the pleasure of the authorities. Such detailed control is not desirable in the teaching world, where personality plays so large a part; but there is nevertheless much, I think, to be gained by mapping out a general course that shall equalise the experience and the work of all teachers, and make promotion a

more systematic business than it can be under present conditions.

If—to turn for a moment to Mr. Munro's letter—teachers are to be used as a sort of sectarian battering-ram there will soon be left no teachers worth promoting. When will people realise that the teacher is 90 per cent. and more of the educational machine?

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The fact that the first part of the Debtors Act of 1869 is headed "Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt" has led to a popular error as to the scope of the Act; and as the second part is headed "Punishment of Fraudulent Debtors" it was inferred that debtors would not be imprisoned in future unless guilty of fraud. A short examination of Part I. of the Act however will satisfy the reader that its object is to abolish imprisonment for debt with certain exceptions. Of these exceptions there are six, and under the sixth and last of these exceptions 11,000 persons, not accused of any fraud, were imprisoned during the last year. To say that they were imprisoned for contempt of Court is a mere subterfuge to which the language of the statute itself gives no countenance. It is true that the Judge makes an order which is disobeyed, but the order is one which he is "authorised" to make by the Debtors Act for the express purpose of bringing about an imprisonment in one of the excepted cases. The order is in short a part of the statutory exception. The real change in the law (so far as this exception is concerned) is that proof of means to pay the plaintiff's debt is required before imprisonment: but this proof notoriously falls far short of what would be required in order to justify imprisonment for a criminal offence. And while restricting imprisonment for debt in this manner (as also limiting its duration) the statute provides a much simpler and cheaper mode of bringing about the imprisonment in excepted cases than that previously in use. If any tolerable proof of means to pay is forthcoming the imprisonment can be effected so expeditiously and at so little expense that numbers of creditors resort to it who would not have done so under the old system, and the number of imprisonments is greater than under the old system, while the old remedies open to insolvent debtors were probably superior to those under the present law.

One consequence of this system may be pointed out. A man has several debts. He has the means of paying some but not all. His main object under the present law is to keep out of gaol as long as he can. So he waits to see who is going to get a committal-order, and pays when the order is procured in order to avoid imprisonment. There are no grounds for contending that if imprisonment for debt were abolished such a man would never pay any debt. He simply pays the creditor who will do him most harm if left unpaid.

Truly yours,
B. L.

MODERN ENGLISH STAINED GLASS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 September.

SIR,—Once more, in wandering about England, I am struck by the waste of space on pale yellow and drab coloured breadths which is observable in modern church windows over here. Of course it pays the maker of the window admirably to put in as much as possible of such glass—worth a few shillings a hundredweight—at "stained glass" prices. The old windows got their soft, lovely backgrounds out of breadths of pale blue glass, and the best of them contain hardly any pale yellow, drab, or dull green glass at all.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A GLOBETROTTER.

REVIEWS.

THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS.

"The Dream and the Business." By John Oliver Hobbes.
London: Unwin. 1906. 6s.

IT is hard to judge this book quite dispassionately. The mind of the reader must be affected, his attitude altered by regret for the loss of a writer so brilliant, so winning and at the height of her powers. Insensibly almost and with that desire for finality which seems to be instinct in human nature one may come to regard it as a kind of farewell. As one reads the mind is on the alert for some hint of the coming parting, some expression of faith that shall sum up the writer's final outlook on life. Would she have left it thus had she known it was to be her last word? Would she have wished something altered, added or left out had she known? Some such speculations must occur to the sympathetic reader. And really there is much in this book to give colour to the idea that it presents to us the final philosophy of Mrs. Craigie, her ultimate view of things from which, had she lived, she would not have departed.

For the book is in many ways the best that Mrs. Craigie has written. It is riper, maturer, firmer. It exhibits a more vivid grasp of things. Much of the pain which strove in her earlier books to hide itself under a mask of flippancy is mercifully gone. The cry of the wounded spirit sometimes mocking at itself is no longer heard. The sensitiveness that made her afraid to be quite sincere with herself has been largely assuaged. Gone are most of the bitter epigrams with the barbed points. In this book Mrs. Craigie has become more gentle, more pitiful. She feels as acutely as ever the tragedy of life, its disillusionings, misunderstandings, but she regards them more dispassionately. Her book is simpler, more natural. She has gained in tranquillity.

Regarded merely as a story "The Dream and the Business" is open to considerable criticism. In spite of the success of her novels Mrs. Craigie's true genius does not lie in the direction of the novel. She is a masterly delineator of character. She can pry into the recesses of the mind and soul, can analyse the emotions exhaustively and trace action to its source. She has, in fact, in a very remarkable degree the analytical faculty. But when she comes to dealing with events and happenings she fails. She is singularly lacking in synthetic ability. So long as her characters talk and think we believe in them, but when they come to do anything they cease to convince. We know that they are mere puppets. Their actions never seem inevitable.

This last novel exhibits Mrs. Craigie's qualities and defects in a marked degree. Like the people in the old mystery plays the various characters represent distinct and strongly contrasted ideas or forces. They are used by Mrs. Craigie almost allegorically. The book deals with the great and universal themes of life—man's passions and man's religions—what he feels and what he believes. This world is the "business" and the shadow cast by another world is the "dream". Religion is the one thing which can give either meaning or dignity to life. All the chief characters in the book are profound egoists unable to forget themselves or get outside themselves. They think and feel intensely. All are deeply religious or have strong convictions, from which, however, they seem to gain no clue to the heart of life. They all make a muddle of the business. They all love the wrong people and are all afflicted by illicit passions. We are presented with the spectacle of the forces of Nonconformity and Catholicism in deadly hostility and Paganism alone going on its way satisfactorily and triumphantly. There are five main characters—Sophy Fimalden and her brother Jim representing modern Nonconformity, Lord and Lady Marlesford the champions of Catholicism, and Maurice Lessard the Pagan—the man who saw "no antagonism between the soul and the body or between duty and pleasure". Sophy, brought up in an atmosphere of stoical Nonconformity where faith and duty are very real, gains her first bitter experience of life from her love for Lessard. He is, unknown to her, a married man when he first makes passionate love to her. He does not

understand the force of her religious convictions and is astounded when he discovers that they are an insurmountable barrier between them. But her sacrifice brings her no happiness, and she is left embittered and disillusioned. "I seem to have spent my life", she says later, "watching idealists fight and go under. The ideals remain; their defenders either perish or lose heart, make compromises and despise themselves." Lord and Lady Marlesford who represent the Catholic element fare no better. They are both delightful people but mis-mated, and each slips into love with someone else. Their religious convictions prevent submission and end only in making their lives intolerable. "I feel", says Lady Marlesford on her deathbed, "I feel an occasional wonder at the destiny of creatures like myself, who can crowd so much despair into so short a time."

And amongst all these religious egoists moves all the time the splendid Lessard—the type of the modern Pagan. He is troubled by no doubts or qualms of conscience. He squeezes from the passing moment the utmost it has to yield. He alone is true to himself and to his dream, and he alone seems to attain to some measure of happiness. It is, it would seem, for the artist that the fulness of life is reserved. He has his dreams and the stars. "This is the strength of the creative mind; it has faith in faith—in the undemonstrable, the intangible, the unattainable; and when the visible proves a deception the artist and the idealist are but the more confirmed in their passion for the things which pass for unrealities because they cannot be grasped and thus disfigured or soiled."

Mrs. Craigie was, of course, at no pains to point a moral; rather would she paint life as she saw it and people as she found them. But she seems to point to the folly of this endless quest of happiness, torturing self-analysis, absorption in mystical matters which characterises modern life. Happiness must be sought by another road. Not by suppression of suffering but by acceptance of it in the true spirit—the secret of religion. "Suffering", says one of her characters, "can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature, but, since it must be obeyed, let us at least submit as sons of God and co-heirs with Christ—not as beasts of burden and as those who believe that all labour is in vain."

FREE THINKERS OR FREE INQUIRERS?

"The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century." By Alfred William Benn. 2 vols.
London: Longmans. 1906. 21s. net.

"A Short History of Free Thought." By John M. Robertson. Second Edition. Rewritten and greatly enlarged. 2 vols. London: Watts. 1906. 21s. net.

THE recent recrudescence of openly anti-Christian literature has been rather surprising; for aggressively destructive methods had come to seem old-fashioned. They had made way for historic methods, for comparative analysis and an idealising, delicately disintegrating criticism. Moreover, besides the activity of cultured and philosophic orthodoxy, a supernaturalist reaction under Myers had claimed to "prove the preamble of all religions". Indeed, Mr. Benn himself, a declared adherent of a rationalism which is defined by him as "the destructive criticism of religious belief", seems to believe in phantasms of the dead, and is not so sure that miracles are impossible. Perhaps the Rationalist Press Association is responsible for the reawakening of the sound of axes and hammers. It is best known by its sixpenny propaganda of the book-stall—the Grant Allen kind of thing. But that it can rise above Tom Paine polemics is shown by the present reissue under its direction of Mr. Robertson's able work. Whether anti-spiritualism be exploded or not, it is well that its history should be told by scholars who, if not impartial, are certainly competent. Mr. Robertson was unable to devote more than one chapter to "freethought in the nineteenth century", but left this important part of the subject to Mr. Benn to deal with in detail.

Mr. Benn very candidly points out that the word rationalism is apt to be taken in a question-begging sense, and that what divides rationalists and their opponents is "not so much a question of principle as a question of interpretation". The latter would certainly not admit that rationality was not on their side. "Faith", writes Baxter, "is but an act of cleared and elevated reason". Deference to authority is not itself irrational—ninety-nine-hundredths of our conduct defers to it—but it may be in this or that matter unreasonable. Faith, the evidence of things not seen, begins with a reasoned choice, even though the reasoning be as inarticulate as the little child's trustful affiance in its parent. Granted that we are convinced that there is One who "has the words of eternal life", we should be mad if His lightest whisper did not move us more than all the ranged reasons of the world. Or granted that revealed wisdom can be truly though imperfectly mediated to us through finite intelligences and lodged in earthen vessels—*homo homini deus*—we should be very self-conceited if we refused any deference whatsoever to the voice of authority, whether heard in the diffused communis sensus of a religious universus orbis, or from the commissioned lips of prophet and priest. The gospel of a self-contained individualism is obsolete. It is all a question of circumstances, how far authority and how far private judgment ought to guide us. Mr. Benn admits that the doubter and reasoner of the nursery or schoolroom needs to be cured of a "vicious habit", that the enforced obedience of the playground is "still more efficacious", and that people are usually right in believing what they are told. Rationalism, then, is less a principle than a temper. Those who cultivate it may either be Brethren of the Free Spirit or they may resemble a suspicious and self-opinionated boor who insists on being paid his dues not in currency but in iron bedsteads and pounds of sugar, or who prefers gold hoarded in a stocking to consols and debentures.

The history of rationalism is a history of revolt against religion, not because rationalists are necessarily materialists, but because they resent restriction being placed on freedom of speculation by the unearthly claims of Church or Creed. Yet religion which makes no authoritative claim to human submission is no religion at all. It may appeal to higher evidence than can be exhibited in syllogisms—non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum—but still the blessedness which it proclaims is for those who have not seen and yet have believed. This is not irrational; for all reasoning must be ultimately based on what philosophers call *pietas*, conviction of self-evident truth. To Newman Almighty God was as absolutely luminous as his own existence. Sooner or later, we must get back in everything to intuitions. And yet an exclusive religion such as Christianity demands a humbling self-surrender at so many points and in matters so intimate that the rebel against council or consistory seems to himself a Prometheus, an emancipator, rather than of the company of the heretic of science who maintains against authority that the earth is flat. Mr. Benn denies that theological orthodoxy is parallel with deference to expert authority in other matters. The former is an inconvertible paper currency, the latter can be turned into the hard cash of personal experience at any moment. Is there, then, no such thing as verification in religion? They that do the works shall know of the doctrine. And amid the modern chaos of opinions the human soul cries out for a teacher outside of and above itself.

Mr. Benn premises that rationalism is a defiant mental attitude towards religious authority. His conclusion is that right reason leads infallibly to atheism. In fact, all through the four volumes we are reviewing runs the conviction that believers in the Invisible, though they include a Plato or a Newton, are fools. Rationalism is matched against passion and prejudice; and yet is there not abundance of prejudice and passion in rationalistic writers? To them religious discipleship is but the dancing of monkeys to a tune ground out mechanically from an organ, a mean subsistence on scraps of begged opinions from the Church's alms-basket. They cannot speak of Christian beliefs without scornful hatred. To Mr. Benn Christianity is a "manu-

factured mythology", and the God of the Bible a "savage despot". That which Christians prize as a foreshadowing in earlier religions of the Atonement and the Real Presence "rationalists regard as a peculiarly hideous type of ritual murder followed by a loathsome cannibal feast". The whole presentment of the Catholic Faith is in this style of malignant caricature; and when the concrete Christian Church is described, it is as a corrupt, greedy, and parasitic organisation in which "not only the laity, but the lower ranks of the clergy, are pillaged to support the higher in luxury and idleness, if not in actual vice, and a repulsive contrast is exhibited between the practice and the professions of those who chiefly represent religion, as well as between the splendour of religious ceremonies and the squalid misery of those by whose labour it is maintained". Such is the stuff to which a cultivated writer descends under the influence of blind and ungovernable spite. Come now, would not this historian of free-thought gladly burn all adherents of the "Three Impostors" at the stake? And is his thinking so free then, really, as he thinks?

A rationalist, Mr. Benn points out, is not a sceptic. He does not coldly doubt, but warmly denies. Bishop Butler, Dean Mansel and Mr. Balfour are sceptics. Their method undermines the very existence of truth. The rationalist, however, will follow reason whithersoever it leads. He believes that "there is an absolute, all-embracing reality existing independently of our individual consciousness, the events of which occur according to a fixed order entirely consistent with itself, and quite unaffected by our thoughts and wishes". There is an immanent dialectic and tendency to spontaneous decomposition in every untruth when worked out to its consequences. The universe is rational. Experience lays hold upon "an objective existence, not ourselves, which we did not create, but which created us, and which is totally independent of our opinions about it". Rationalism, then, is an exalted kind of mysticism, after all. Its Theodice justifies the ways of the goddess Reason to men. It has its own Athanasian Creed. Indeed Mr. Benn intimates that his fellow-worshippers at that shrine have no objection to dogmatic teaching, rather preferring, like Bacon's "rationales", that beliefs should be formulated in clear-cut categorical forms. Now there is Dr. Bradley, for instance, who, avowing himself "a staunch Protestant", objects vehemently to the sacerdotal pretensions of the Syllogism, and to the arrogance, in a land of equal freedom, of one premiss calling itself the major. He is for Down with Reason with a big letter and Up with reasons beginning with small ones. Such libertinism would not appeal to Mr. Benn. He is Reason's votary, her Angelic Doctor, and if anyone prates about freedom of conscience in that connexion, he will like S. Louis straightway run the infidel through the body. Credit ut intelligat. And yet a good deal has been written recently by Myers and others to undermine the supreme sovereignty of the self-conscious Reason, able to state itself in words. And, besides, it is now a commonplace of philosophy that in all thinking will plays a very important part; so that we never get reason pure but always mixed with predilection. Intellectual and moral are indiscernible.

Whenever he touches on morality Mr. Benn, like all determinists, uses the language of the Sunday School. When will rationalists have the courage to face the question, how much of the "oughtness" of their own ethical code depends on authority and on supernatural sanctions? Again, their especial indignation is levelled at the clergy, who have one and all subscribed slave. But will they allow no associations based on a common aim and conviction, having office-bearers bound not to play fast and loose with that basis? Disraeli said of "Essays and Reviews" that he approved of free inquiry—in free inquirers. Next time the secretaryship of the Rationalist Press Association is vacant, will no questions be asked or engagements required of candidates? Logically and rationally, they should be free to run it in connexion with the E.C.U. and the S.P.C.K.

RUSSIA FROM WITHOUT.

"Fire and Sword in the Caucasus." By Luigi Villari.
London: Unwin. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

"Six Years at the Russian Court." By M. Eagar.
London: Hurst and Blackett. 1906. 6s. net.

"The New Russia." By Lionel Decle. London: Eveleigh
Nash. 1906. 7s. 6d.

THE heart of Russia is inaccessible to the non-resident investigator, be he Saxon, Gaul or Teuton. The efforts to interpret correctly the life and being of this mysterious country by ambitious tongue-tied foreign exponents so far have failed. The authors of these three books do not make any exception. Of the three Mr. Villari gets nearest to it. He travelled with an interpreter and was thus in a position at any rate to see, if not to hear, considerably more at first hand than falls to the lot of an ordinary foreign writing traveller; but a man who sees things through the eyes of an interpreter is not an authority. The accuracy of the verbal information on such a subject as is suggested by the title of the book must depend very much on the political views of the interpreter. And political views on Russia's present crisis both in and out of the country are very "sharply defined, radiating at right angles" as a Russian Moderate politician put it the other day. Mr. Villari's visit was also co-incidental with the oil strike at Baku and the generally critical period of political unrest, which has not failed to make itself felt, even in these uttermost parts of the Russian dominions. Unlike the generality of writers upon Russia in the present day, however, he displays no animus against either Government or people. As he very rightly remarks, "The Russians have none of that feeling of racial superiority over their non-Russian subjects, even when the latter are of a different religion and colour, such as the English feel with regard to the natives of India. A Georgian, an Armenian, an Osset, even a Tartar or a Persian may aspire to the highest ranks in the army or bureaucracy". The portfolio of a Secretary of State is equally at the disposal of high and low born. Russian soldiers, officers and officials have no repugnance to service under a non-Russian chief, whether he be white, brown or yellow, Christian or Mohammedan. Nor is there any objection to non-Russians receiving appointments amongst peoples of their own race. Socially, too, they are treated as equals; Georgian, Tartar and Armenian magnates are received in the highest circles of Russian society, and even intermarry with the Russian aristocracy, although intermarriage does not occur between Christians and Mohammedans. But in order to obtain these advantages, a native of the Caucasus must conform with Russian ideas and become more or less Russified and almost forget his own nationality—which he easily and willingly does. This conversion is expected of him not because the Russian is a chauvinist but because he suspects the loyalty of everyone who is not a Russian in sentiment if not by race. It is just these characteristics which have helped to make the Russians eminently politic and peaceful, if not especially energetic and practical, in their methods of annexation.

The author of "Six Years at the Russian Court" has evidently undertaken a task far beyond the limits of the resources at her command. The reader's lively interest, awakened by the promising title of the book, is quickly dulled by vexatious disappointment. Instead of the sketches of "Life in the Palaces" promised in the preface by the author, who styles herself "a truthful person who has not started forth to write fiction, but plain unvarnished truth", we have a collection of memories with artless exaggerations by a lady who was nursery governess to the children of the present Tsar. Without the enforced, very limited, sphere of the Imperial nursery, Miss Eagar gives no original glimpses of court or upper social life in Russia. The meagre information we get in the chapters on "Rough Life of Russian Peasantry", "Social Life in Russia", "Education in Russia" &c. is unmistakably of a second-hand, superficial kind. Miss Eagar evidently saw little or nothing of either the people or the country

of Russia proper. "Russian peasants" she tells us, "in summer simply shut up the cabin and camp on the farm, driving the beasts before them. In the autumn, when rye and oats are sown, down comes the snow, and all is kept warm, the peasant then returns to his hut for the winter". Several other like instances of inaccuracy might be quoted from this ambitious volume; but we will restrict our samples to a story the author tells of an extraordinary performance the present Tsar is supposed to go through. It appears from this history of "the plain unvarnished truth" that at Easter-tide the Autocrat of All the Russias has to submit himself to a task that not one of his subjects could be compelled to perform even by threat of instant enlistment as policeman at Bellostok: He has to disburse some fifteen thousand kisses. The receivers unfortunately are not, as we had at first surmised, an anxiously waiting crowd of fair peeresses and Court ladies, but five thousand stalwart drilled soldiers. "On Easter Monday", Miss Eagar says, "the ceremony of greeting the troops is held in the Winter Palace. In one of the great halls the soldiers numbering about five thousand are drawn up. The Emperor advances, shakes hands, and says, 'Christ is risen', the soldier replies; the Emperor kisses him three times and the man then advances to the Empress, kisses her hand, presents a hard boiled egg and receives from her a painted porcelain one. He then files out of the room and another takes his place. So it goes on until they have all personally saluted the Emperor and Empress. It is very wearisome." It must be.

Unless some problematic regenerated Russia be implied by Mr. Decle, the title of his book might mislead. Instead of discovering a new Russia or even a new aspect of affairs taking place in Russia, we find here little more than a hasty recapitulation of familiar political events converging in the opening of the Douma. Mr. Decle says that he has endeavoured to supply the want of a popular book giving in a concise and clear form a general survey of the present system of administration in Russia. And yet he admits on the same page 17 that he has heard only one side of the subject.

However, it is particularly pleasant to note Mr. Decle's conscientious endeavours to deal impartially with his subject. In spite of a prolixity of laudatory paragraphs on Count Witte, he has aimed at fairly presenting both sides of the question in the acute political struggle for supremacy that is going on between the Government and a portion of the people. Ignorance of the language and a mere flying visit to the country have, of course, dwarfed the author's observations by confining his researches to second-hand sources of information. The weakness of the prevailing custom of obtaining information in a foreign tongue in Russia is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Decle in his chapter on the "Rise and Degradation of the Jew". There is no such township to our knowledge in the whole of Russia as Ugestopka. Neither is there such a word in the Russian language as campagne. The equivalent of the English word country, in the sense employed by Mr. Decle, would be *derevnya* (village) or *datcha* (country place) where town-people spend the summer months. Hence Mr. Decle's main argument on the very important Jew question and "the infamous law" thereon seems to us to lose much of its force. Occasional interviews in a foreign language with great personages and conversation with Ministers and high officials are hardly safe channels for a clear insight into the psychological characteristics of any nation, and how little then of Russia. Russia, moreover, in her present transitional period is not the real Russia. The country is unnaturally excited. It was only the other day that the boys in a village school mutinied, armed themselves with spikes and scythes, and after a deadly attack upon the master disappeared into the forest. "Contrast", Mr. Decle rightly remarks, "is the chief characteristic of individuals in Russia; possessed of inexhaustible patience, indifferent to their surroundings, humble and servile, the people will suddenly become fierce revolutionaries, ready to commit every excess with as little regard for their own lives as for the lives of those who oppose them. Then

equally suddenly they will revert into their previous condition of indifferent apathy". As a striking example of these sudden and inexplicable moods in the Russian character, we may notice the habit common amongst the lower middle class (traders and small shopkeepers) and the peasant in particular, when he gets the rare chance, of periodically getting dead drunk for days together. Drink is largely at the bottom of these sporadic mutinies, revolts and peasant riots. When drunk the Russian is unconscious of all bounds and in many instances becomes an enraged wild beast, a very handy instrument for the anarchical revolutionary. It is not unusual for a man, in ordinary circumstances a good husband and father, steady at his work or business, suddenly to leave home and disappear from the neighbourhood on a drinking bout of a fortnight, after which he will return to his family and to his work quite sober and recovered, only a little crestfallen. In discussing the problem of education in Russia, Mr. Decle contends that no attempt is made in the schools to teach the Russians to think. This statement by an Englishman is throwing stones from a glass house with a vengeance. At any rate the system of education in the commercial schools of Russia, where languages are properly taught and practical knowledge, including ocular acquaintance with merchandise samples, instilled, might serve as an object lesson worth the study and application of our own local education authorities. There is a sad want of free education for the peasantry, it is true, but there again the cart must not go before the horse. Book learning at the schools should accompany practical home training, including domestic hygiene and common-sense thrift.

A MINOR PROPHET.

"Holiday, and Other Poems." By John Davidson.
London: Grant Richards. 1906. 3s. 6d. net.

AS a whole, the work of Mr. John Davidson is disappointing. Yet none of it is quite without interest, and the interest is closely bound up with the disappointment. By this we mean that he is individual enough, and original enough, to raise expectations even if he does not fulfil them. The average minor poet of to-day is merely tiresome. We are conscious that real poetry, new poetry, is in the air of our day if only somebody could capture it. Hence we have little patience with echoes of Tennyson, hints of Rossetti and broken lights of Swinburne. Ten years ago we might have received these things more tolerantly—nothing better was to be looked for, the voice of the age was obviously exhausted and the prattle of accomplished parodists mildly agreeable. Mr. Stephen Phillips came along with his delusive trick of whipping the cream—not without subtlety at times—from the older masters of verse, but we were soon undeceived. The new poet is not yet; the hope of him lies in the fact that we believe he will come. One glance at the pages of our average minor poet is enough to assure us that we are off the scent. Even a poet like Mr. William Watson—a poet of high merit had he been born in another generation—has nothing to say about the world as we know it. He issues no challenge to the mind. There is no difficulty in "placing" him. Mr. Davidson, however, is ambitious. He is clearly conscious of a new age. We perceive at work in him a different set of susceptibilities, another order of dynamic ideas, from those which moved the Victorian poets. Like them, he is patriotic, but his patriotism has ceased to be insular. Like them, he loves the unspoiled country, but his "flumina amem silvasque" is no longer a mere conservatism of taste. He loves London, too, the fascination of crowds and streets and modern sound and colour. He succeeds (partially) in being mystical and philosophical and cosmic—all in the modern way. He has political and even theological interests of a sort; but the politics have little in common with those of the past, they are concerned with race-building and the dim future, not with the blood of tyrants or praise of the British constitution, and his theology too is quite emancipated from those dilemmas which so excited that distant epoch between "In Memoriam" and

"Robert Elsmere". Mr. Davidson is a modern. He feels the stiffness and unsuitability of the old vehicles, he would break (if he could) those conventions of poetic form which petrify the utterance of this generation. His verse is full of experiment. He tempts us to fancy, now and then, that here is a voice at last, a small one no doubt, but still a voice of our own time. And there he ends. Lack of strength, perhaps? Perception without the intellectual force to drive it home? At any rate (for these explanations are merely verbal after all) he lands us on a shoal, and there we stick. Hence the inevitable comment inspired by his work—"Not without interest, but what is he driving at precisely, and why does he tantalise us so?"

One fault that tethers Mr. Davidson to the ground he would spurn is his addiction to verbal effects. The poet of the future, when he arrives, will certainly not write

"And the crimson osiers burn
With spathes that swell and split,
And every bract an urn
With twinkling catkins lit".

We do not complain that these four lines contain a word or two we have never heard before and cannot explain. This perhaps is our own fault—our lack of proper botanical upbringing. What we criticise is the evident search for what is unusual in words and for what is technical (so to speak) in things. There are critics who will refer admiringly to this or that line of Tennyson, enjoining us to note the scientific verisimilitude of his plants, beasts and birds, but these ecstasies leave us cold. Accuracy of this sort is a merit of prose, but the "inevitable" word in a poet's mouth has more than a scientific sanction. Poetry is nothing if not the language of the plain man rapt above himself. In such rapture, possibly, the plain man might have recourse to romantic imagery, to artificial words of high descent and sceptred tradition. But he would steer very clear of the sort of artificiality to which Mr. Davidson is still partly in bondage. Mr. Davidson is still fond of words like "threnody" and "madrigal." His vocabulary as a whole, in fact, is distinctly "poetical"—a fatal sign in these days. Fatal, too, is his habit of describing emotions where his aim is to communicate them. This

"Deep delight in volume, sound, and mass,
Shadow, colour, movement, multitudes,
Murmurs, cries, the traffic's rolling bass—
Subtle city of a thousand moods!"—

will pass as extremely bad prose, but certainly as nothing else. This self-conscious enumeration, this diagnosis one might almost call it, of sensations and ideas is just the pitfall which more than every other should be avoided by the modern poet. It gapes for him at every turn. Naturally; for the modern poet is groping his way to the expression of a world which has not been expressed before. Thus preoccupied, he forgets that mere statement of these gropings, however diversified by rhyme and metre, has no poetical value at all. Herein lies the badness, for the most part, of Wordsworth's bad work. Wordsworth, of all poets, wrote with a new impulse and on a tide of fresh feeling. When he was merely conscious of the new impulse (as of a symptom) he was at his worst. Dominated by the new impulse, so that he forgot it, he produced "The Highland Reaper".

"A Note on Poetry" is appended to the poems themselves. Parts of it are clever, especially the panegyric on English blank verse. In his prose however, as in his verse, Mr. Davidson betrays a touch of rodomontade, a want of balance, and the vice of self-consciousness to which we have referred. He analyses some of his own rhyme, giving precise details of the orchestral effects at which he has aimed. The "violins and cymbals", "the second fiddles and the oboes", "the clarinet and the bass viol", and "the remaining woodwind and the brass", make their respective entries quite recognisably, the poet informs us. Perhaps he is joking, a little laboriously. It is to be hoped so. Mr. Davidson acknowledges a certain debt to Edgar Allan Poe in his uses of rhyme. Rhyme apart, we have

detected more than one cadence which is absolute Poe to our own ear. From a very pretty little poem called "Apple Trees", for example :—

"They are heavy with apples and proud
And supremely contented—
All fertile and green and sappy,
No wish denied,
Exceedingly quiet and happy
And satisfied!"

More than one echo of Poe is to be heard, too, in the really exhilarating and romantic stanzas entitled "A Runnable Stag"—one of the best poems of its kind that have appeared this long while.

Perhaps Mr. Davidson has already written too much to permit the hope of any large development in his powers. He disappoints by a certain want of grip. His hands seem ever to be sliding over a hard surface. This criticism, none the less, must not be taken as disparagement. If not the poet of the future, he is a forerunner—one of the minor prophets. With all their shortcomings, many of these little poems (notably the "Eclogues") have a modern suggestiveness, an impalpable quality of atmosphere and a newness of odour which please the taste though they do not satisfy.

NOVELS.

"Coniston." By Winston Churchill. London: Macmillan. 1906. 6s.

Wherewithal shall a young nation cleanse her way? The novelists of the United States seem determined to purify the political and commercial life of their country, but perhaps literature suffers more than morality gains. Mrs. Stowe could persuade the North that the customs of the South needed drastic treatment, and Dickens persuaded us that a few isolated institutions which had no influential friends—which survived unreformed because no one knew anything about them—ought to go. Dickens did not succeed in banishing Podsnaps or Gradgrinds. And so long as American politicians and business men find low standards profitable, their methods are not likely to be affected by the kind of exposure novelists can give. Poisonous tinned meats are unpopular; a corrupt judiciary as a rule is not. In describing with extraordinary insight the career of a provincial New England boss of the mid-century (long before the Yellow Press and Trusts) Mr. Winston Churchill has written a fine novel. Jethro Bass has a vein of human sentiment on which his chronicler insists unduly, but the humorous simplicity of his methods is a pure delight to the reader. He is a straightforward scoundrel, and commands our sympathy in his struggles against equally dishonest politicians who have the unpardonable sin of rhetoric and the cant of patriotism to their discredit. The story of Jethro's ward, a girl who owed everything to his charity, but loathed evil, is a fine romance; the growth of her character and the bewilderment which came on her when she discovered how her benefactor had made his money and his position, are most skilfully portrayed.

"The Brangwyn Mystery." By David Christie Murray. London: Long. 1906. 6s.

Mr. Murray some time ago moved the readers of his well-known "Handbook" columns in the "Referee" by an account of a letter he had received from an educated refined person containing the confession of a murder. The writer had murdered a near relative for the means of living in cultured luxury and gratifying his artistic tastes. His conscience tortured him but he concealed his crime partly through fear of his neck partly because, conscience notwithstanding, he managed to enjoy himself in a way. "The Brangwyn Mystery" has this story for basis, but not for plot. The real plot would have been the psychological experiences of such a hero and its dénouement the result of these experiences on him as a moral being. A more ambitious use might thus have been made of the story than Mr. Murray has in fact made. Perhaps he had no time for psychology, and so simply worked up the familiar theme of a

mysterious crime, its concealment, the manner of its discovery, and the instruments of it. But there is decided novelty in the treatment. The reader is mystified by Mr. Murray's juggling with two characters, either of whom is possibly the refined murderer with whom the author starts. Mr. Murray apparently wavered in his own choice between them. While matters are in suspense too the indispensable young lady of every story has engaged herself to one of these refined gentlemen, who both love her. Mr. Murray makes a novel use of clay modelling in the concealment of the murder; he brings Scotland Yard, the French police, and English journalists into the work of investigation; and a complicated system of blackmailing adds to the mystification. The story is a very good specimen of a class of romance which never palls so long as the author has sufficient knowledge and skill to secure vraisemblance. Mr. Murray is not convincing in his account of the criminal proceedings in Court; and this is strange considering his experience.

"Face to Face" and "Dolorosa." Two Novels of Modern Spain. By Francisco Acebal. Presented in English, with a Preface, by Martin Hume. London: Constable. 1906. 6s.

Major Hume claims for these two stories by Señor Acebal that, unlike most modern Spanish novels, they do not depend for their interest on the representation of provincial idiosyncrasies. The remark sets one thinking about novels nearer home. Apart from our several kailyards, does not the average English novel tacitly assume that all of us are moulded in the London type? In other words, is it not ignorance of the greater part of the United Kingdom that gives a false air of universality to the English novelist's work? They are unconscious that educated Londoners possess any idiosyncrasies. At any rate, "Dolorosa", with its tragedy of the spoiled only child—an iron-monger's son coming to grief as an artist—and "Face to Face", with its conflict between the old families and the new plutocrats, require no knowledge of contemporary Spain to be enjoyed. In the latter, Mr. Grimes, owner of a great foundry (grandson of an English blacksmith) is somewhat conventional, but the Latin man of letters is seldom so kind to the successful Anglo-Saxon as the author is here to the wooer of the young Marchioness of La Braña. In spite of the human interest of the theme, many readers will find that the presentment of the unfamiliar bourgeois life of Madrid forms the chief attraction in "Dolorosa". Señor Acebal's work does not seem to us very remarkable, but he can create characters, and these two stories are worth attention. The work of translation is very well done.

"In the Shadow." By Henry C. Rowland. London: Heinemann. 1906. 6s.

This is a remarkable novel in every way. It possesses unusual grip and vital human interest. Written in terse, nervous language it is the work of a man who has made an intimate study of psychology. The book deserves attention not only as a novel but as a serious attempt on the part of a white man to enter into the mental kingdom, to understand the view-point of the negro who dwells "in the shadow". Count Dessalines, a negro of great mental and physical gifts, who has been educated at Oxford and who has acquired in England the veneer of civilisation, is the central figure of the story. So far as we know he is a creature of the author's imagination, a character of fiction. And yet whether such a person actually existed in the flesh or not matters not at all. He is real. He is true. We know it as we follow his career with growing excitement, as we watch his pathetic attempts to grope with the varied resources of the white man and his final futile attempt to make himself King of the black man's country Hayti. For in him the author gives us a type—a type of the negro at his best with all his wonderful qualities and his inevitable disabilities. The pity of it; the pathos, the infinite pathos of the negro! "Poor, dazed, bewildered black! dragged from the dark shadow of an African forest, loaded with chains, lashed

through generations of slavers, and then—his shackles are knocked free; he is endowed at once with a soul, a voice, a vote: told to be civilised! Can we wonder that he grows bewildered?"

"Uncle Joshua's Heiress." By Lillias Campbell Davidson. London: Partridge. 1906. 2s. 6d.

"Uncle Joshua's Heiress" is a pleasantly written story of feminine interest. It is fresh and has an unexceptionable moral, and a satisfactory ending. Unselfishness and goodness triumph, and deceit and vanity are duly punished in a way that should afford a wholesome lesson to the girl readers for whom the story is evidently designed.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Arbitrator in Council." London: Macmillan. 1906. 10s. net.

This is a large book of nearly six hundred pages whose theme is the question of the possibility of putting an end to war by international agreement for the reduction of armaments to the lowest point compatible with internal peace, plus the maintenance of an international army for securing the performance of international obligations. The author writes anonymously and he presents his ideas in dialogue form with certain typical characters supposed to be met in conference. There is the Arbitrator himself, an elderly Radical of the Bright and Cobden type, a lawyer who is a K.C., an Hegelian clergyman, an admiral, a Jew financier, "a learned Cambridge historian a pupil of Lord Acton", and an "Ego", the writer, supposed to be the editor of the conference's discussions. This we imagine to be a pure convention and it is a tiresome one: and if it were not for the twaddle of much of the dialogue, and the mild humour which is a stock component of the dialogue form, the book need not have been more than half its actual volume. It would have been still further reduced if the ordinary platitudes about the folly and the wickedness of making war and the suffering and economic losses caused by it had not been set out at inordinate length: and it is pervaded by the vague optimism which one may hope the future may confirm, but which present facts make look absurdly unreal. Eliminate national ambition, vanity, international economic struggles and so on, and there will be no need for war: such is the kind of talk which leads to intense boredom. Not one of the characters of the dialogue seems to have an effective argument against the peace propagandist: but that is a foregone conclusion of a dialogue. Yet some of them might have pointed to the fallacies of a comparison between the abolition of private war and the duel, and the substitution of litigation and arbitration for revenge amongst the citizens of individual States. If they had taken the trouble they might also have had something to say on the other side as to the "iniquities" of the Boer war and "Chinese slavery"; and no clergyman would have taken so quietly the sneers at the Church for its leaning to militarism as Truelove the clergyman of the dialogues.

"The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany." By T. Francis Bumpus. London: Laurie. 1906. 6s. net.

Mr. Bumpus continues for Germany the excellent work he has already accomplished for the churches of France. The book has been published before, and we have here a new edition with some extraneous matter excised and some valuable notes inserted on the brasses at Lübeck, Meissen and a few other churches. The illustrations are numerous and quite first-rate of their kind. Mr. Bumpus can claim with justice that they are not rivalled by those in any other work on German ecclesiology. We quite sympathise with his feelings when visiting so many of the noblest churches of Northern Germany "accessible only by the Silver Key" as to the coldness and deadness of an Establishment "whose links of continuity in faith and order with the Western Church have been broken and cast away".

"Confessions of an Anarchist." By W. C. Hart. London: Grant Richards. 1906.

If Mr. Hart had anything serious to confess it is not at all likely that he would have made a present of his information to the public. What he has to say in his book would not help Scotland Yard where it would be entirely superfluous. If Mr. Hart does know anything that compromises either himself or his quondam companions the anarchists, amongst whom he lived ten years we are told, he carefully suppresses it. Spies, it appears, create much havoc in anarchist circles; but no "group" need have any anxiety about Mr. Hart's disclosures. His "confessions" are no confessions at all of anything behind the scenes in anarchism, and we should doubt if he knows any more about it than any one who has taken an ordinary interest in the reports of anarchist trials in this country or America, in Italy, France or Russia and who has paid an easy visit to any of the London anarchist clubs. In a common-place way, for

the writer has little literary skill, there is a sufficiency of surface facts about the terrible deeds for which anarchism and anarchists are responsible to make the book fairly readable. But as a serious study of the subject it has no merits. Though biographical sketches of leading personages of the anarchist doctrine and propaganda could not legitimately be said to be the confessions of the writer they would at least have been interesting if they had been done well. As it is they are here dry, meagre and often misleading, and in fact absolutely worthless. The book is an appeal to a curiosity which it does nothing to satisfy.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1^{er} Septembre. 3fr.

Perhaps the article which will attract attention most in this country in an interesting number is that by M. Biard d'Aunet on Society in Australia. It seems to be both well informed and discriminating. After all Australia is as yet only a people in the making and one of the most serious considerations for the friends of that country is whether or no it has any future before it worth considering. If there is any fault to find with the writer, it is that he has been only too reticent in discussing the failings of his Oceanic friends. He notes, it is true, the almost entire absence of intellectual interests in the best Society of the Antipodes; it is this that makes a residence in Australia banishment to those who care for things of the mind. The "best" Society is almost entirely frivolous or fast in some capitals, and outside of the capitals there is none. Of course the largest exceptions must be allowed to wide generalisations, but the writer is wrong when he seems to think that the fact of colonial politicians being knighted introduces them to better society than they knew before. To-day just as much as in former days the position of a politician in Australian Society is regulated by his social not his political claims.

THE SEPTEMBER REVIEWS.

The note of the September Reviews is largely personal. Mrs. Hugh Fraser opens the "Fortnightly" with some delightful impressions of Admiral Togo, who embodies in himself the qualifications of the real Japanese hero. Not the least of his virtues is his modesty. "In these days of passionate self-advertisement and dependence on publicity, Togo's sincere humility is such a surprise to the world that we cannot wonder at the enthusiasm bestowed on a virtue which we all find exquisitely fitting in others without caring to practise it ourselves." Incidentally Mrs. Fraser disposes of some gossip about Admiral Togo which has done duty with the personal paragraphist in the daily press. Mr. H. N. Brailsford, in the "Independent", writes a first article on Sir Edward Grey as Foreign Minister. Mr. Brailsford and his friends have had passing doubts whether Sir Edward is upholding Liberal tradition in foreign affairs. How they manage to convince themselves that he is doing so we must leave to the readers of the "Independent" to discover. Sir Edward's real strength as Foreign Minister, it seems to us, consists in his entire abandonment of a "tradition" which belongs very much to the paradoxical order of the article by "A Traveller in the East" in the "Contemporary". "A Traveller" opens his remarks on England and Germany in Turkey with a naive and irrelevant anti-Chamberlain denunciation of "the false policy of monopoly" and the desire to take other people's land, and goes on to explain the disappointment felt by certain Turks

(Continued on page 308.)

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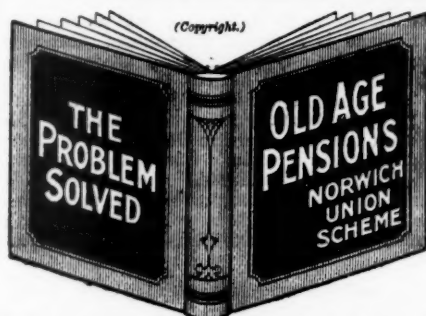
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themselves at the time of the Egyptian frontier incident, that England did not seize some portion of Turkish territory! Both this and another article in the "Contemporary" dealing with railway enterprise in Asia Minor enter a plea for co-operation between Great Britain and Germany in dealing with the Sultan.

How able a diplomatist Abdul Hamid is, how complete is his mastery of the art of pitting possible enemies against each other, is shown in a lengthy and able paper in "Blackwood's". In the early days of his reign the Sultan got rid of the bureaucracy by espousing the cause of the constitutionalists, and then by a stroke of the pen disposed of the "ephemeral and exotic makeshift" of his own creation, so that he enjoyed the "absolute despotism" which is said to be his "signal achievement as Sultan". It has enabled him to advance a claim to the Khalifate, "with its implied headship of Islam", from which has sprung the Pan-Islamic movement. The Sultan no doubt owes much to German friendship, which he has repaid in the shape of commercial favours and railway concessions, but, whether Germany has encouraged the Pan-Islamic movement or not, it is argued that she recognises in it a certain measure of embarrassment for Great Britain and France of which she is prepared to make full use. In other words the Kaiser may make Pan-Islamism serve the cause of Pan-Germanism, which M. Yves Guyot explains in the "Nineteenth Century" article we referred to last week when discussing the future of the Netherlands. According to M. Guyot the Emperor William is not a Pan-German, but hopes some day by supporting Austria against dismemberment to prove a disinterestedness which will pave the way to the absorption of Belgium and Holland. What the Kaiser and King Edward did and said at their recent meeting has not been made known, but Mr. Edward Dicey in the "Empire Review"—who knows no more about it than anyone else outside the Foreign Offices—is assured "the meeting was designed to bear a personal rather than a political character". He informs us that as his Majesty the King of England is a typical Englishman, dear to English hearts, so is his Majesty the Emperor of Germany a typical German, dear to German hearts. Mr. Dicey hopes that the meeting may prove a considerable step towards an entente cordiale between Great Britain and Germany. Meantime he points out that the interview illustrates a striking change in European public opinion. "In the old world at any rate the ideal of the democracy has shown itself to be one man government, and in all monarchical countries the one man, more often than not, is the monarch. . . . The only net result of the social propaganda has been to advance the preference for one man rule."

Domestic politics, conformably with the spirit of the season, do not occupy quite so much space as usual in the Reviews. The Editor of the "National" supplies his usual vigorous survey of "Episodes"; "Blackwood" has a caustic personal attack on the Prime Minister and his colleagues, particularly in regard to their surrender to the Boers and the Labour Party; in the "Fortnightly" Mr. Shan F. Bullock and various others write a composite article on the Burden of the Middle Classes; in the "Independent" Lady Trevelyan states the case for women's suffrage, quoting the dictum of Charles James Fox—who is the subject of an article in the same number by Mr. J. L. Hammond—"I would say that civil liberty can have no security without political power," and in the "Nineteenth Century" Sir Herbert Maxwell and Mr. Herbert Paul survey the political situation respectively from the Tariff Reform and the Radical standpoints. Mr. St. John Brodrick's article in the "Nineteenth" on Mr. Haldane's proposals supplements and sums up the writer's criticisms of the new army scheme which have already appeared in the daily press. Mr. Brodrick says that to Lord Lansdowne belongs the credit for having rescued army administration from the haphazard system which obtained down to 1895, when it was discovered that our military system or want of system had become one to which peace was a necessity. Mr. Haldane's pretence that for the first time the duty of organising the army on a basis of economy and efficiency is to be undertaken in a practical spirit, is properly exposed, as is the attempt to discredit the existing system by insisting on temporary disabilities as though they were permanent. Whilst Mr. Brodrick denounces the Government plan for reducing the army, Mr. H. W. Wilson in the "National" shows how Britain's supremacy on the seas is being sacrificed to cosmopolitan instincts. The manner in which the Government have listened to every agitator, whether at home or in the colonies, not unnaturally encourages the hopes of the Congress-wallah in India. Sir C. H. T. Crosthwaite writing in "Blackwood" on "The New Spirit in India" says "the real demand of the educated classes is not so much for a change in the form of the Government as in the personnel. If they had the power, I doubt if they would attempt to establish what we call a popular Government. Indeed, all except a few impostors and cranks would recognise the utter impossibility of such a Government in the Indian continent. What they want, and it is hard to blame them for it, is to secure for Indians as large a share as may be in the higher offices of the State, which carry power and handsome

emoluments. They have no wish to destroy autocracy or bureaucracy. They do desire to be the autocrats and the bureaucrats." "Quirinus" in the "National" points out a new danger in Imperial relations which the action of the Government in the Transvaal has shown to exist: that is, an abuse of the royal prerogative. "Quirinus" fears that the Government may seek to meet the views of the Irish Nationalists without any reference to Parliament. He puts the matter with the delicacy demanded when he says "It surely cannot be impossible for the Sovereign, before assenting to such revolutionary changes, to insist that Parliament and the nation should be consulted". The action of the Government in the Transvaal bears ample witness to the urgency of the occasion.

Among the chief miscellaneous articles is Bishop Welldon's Tokio lecture reproduced in the "Nineteenth Century" on the training and qualities of an English gentleman. In its complete form it will be read with extreme interest by all who are in a position to understand what England owes to her public schools. There, as nowhere else, as Bishop Welldon points out, youth learns to "play the game". That great cricketers should "play the game" is the plea made by Major Philip Trevor in the "Fortnightly" regarding the future of cricket. He is severely critical of some modern developments. The game is not being played in the spirit which called it into being. Run-hunters, average-seekers, county-championship manoeuvring, the press glorification of individuals, the practice of one member of the team criticising another in the daily paper—a practice destructive of discipline—these and other things tend, as Major Trevor says, to rob cricket of its hold on the affections of the good sportsman. Mr. Norman Campbell's article in the "National" on "Sensationalism and Science" is not only a striking endorsement of the view taken in the SATURDAY REVIEW and one or two other journals of Mr. Burke's now notorious claim to have observed the spontaneous generation of life but is an emphatic and weighty protest against the methods of certain modern journals anxious above all to create a sensation. In the "Monthly" Dr. Carl Snyder's intensely interesting article on "The Quest of Prolonged Youth" might possibly suggest similar sensationalism. It is certainly a marvellous account of the recent advances in bio-chemical and physiological knowledge of the conditions which give rise to old age, and of the probability that control over these conditions may to a considerable extent yet be obtained.

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HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

EIGHTY-SECOND REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 18th August, 1906.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1906.

The net profits for that period, including \$1,699,777.40, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$3,795,119.43.

The Directors recommend the transfer of \$750,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of the Silver Reserve Fund, which Fund will then stand at \$10,250,000.

After making this Transfer and deducting Remuneration to Directors there remains for appropriation \$3,030,119.43, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of One Pound and Fifteen Shillings Sterling per Share, which at 4s. 6d. will absorb \$622,222.22.

The difference in exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 2s. 1½d., the rate of the day, amounts to \$695,424.84.

The Balance, \$1,712,472.37, to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

DIRECTORS.

Mr. E. SHELLIM, Mr. F. SALINGER, and the Honourable C. W. DICKSON having resigned their seats on leaving the Colony, Mr. D. M. NISSIM, Mr. H. E. TOMKINS, and the Honourable W. J. GRESSON have been invited to fill the vacancies; these appointments require confirmation at this Meeting.

Mr. G. H. MEDHURST has been elected Deputy-Chairman for the remainder of the year in place of the Honourable C. W. DICKSON.

AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by Mr. W. HUTTON POTTS and Mr. A. G. WOOD.

A. HAUPT,
Chairman.

HONGKONG, 2nd August, 1906.

ABSTRACT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

30th June, 1906.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Paid-up Capital	\$10,000,000.00	Cash	\$41,102,406.58
Sterling Reserve Fund	10,000,000.00	Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government against Note Circulation in excess of \$10,000,000	8,500,000.00
Silver Reserve Fund	9,500,000.00	Bullion in Hand and in Transit	925,678.38
Marine Insurance Account	250,000.00	Indian Government Rupee Paper	2,291,571.16
Notes in Circulation:—		Consols, Colonial and other Securities	7,333,145.72
Authorised Issue against Securities deposited with the Crown Agents for the Colonies	\$10,000,000.00	Sterling Reserve Fund Investments, viz:—	
Additional Issue authorised by Hongkong Ordinance No. 19 of 1900, against Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government	4,320,466.00	£598,000 2½ Per Cent. Consols at 82	£490,360
		(of which £250,000 is lodged with the Bank of England as a Special London Reserve.)	
Current (Silver	\$68,609,599.69	£255,000 2½ Per Cent. National War Loan, at 90	229,500
Accounts (Gold £4,156,316 15s. 7d. =	39,480,183.59	£325,000 Other Sterling Securities, written down to	280,140
			<u>£1,000,000 \$10,000,000.00</u>
Fixed (Silver	\$49,821,830.75	Bills Discounted, Loans and Credits	\$93,955,574.06
Deposits (Gold £5,295,851 10s. 0d. =	50,327,529.03	Bills Receivable	100,838,835.41
		Bank Premises	1,379,392.36
Bills Payable (including Drafts on London Bankers, Call Loans and Short Sight Drawings on London Office against Bills Receivable and Bullion Shipments)	10,221,875.17		
Profit and Loss Account	3,795,119.43		
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £5,150,877 8s. 10d., of which £3,927,360 10s. 2d. have since run off.			
	<u>\$66,326,603.66</u>		<u>\$66,326,603.66</u>

GENERAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

30th June, 1906.

Dr.		Cr.
To amounts written off:—		By Balance of Undivided Profits, 31 December, 1905
Remuneration to directors	\$15,000.00	\$1,699,777.40
Dividend account:—		Amount of Net Profits for the Six Months ending
£1 15s. per share on 80,000 shares = £140,000 at 4s. 6d.	622,222.22	30th June, 1906, after making provision for
Dividend adjustment account:—		bad and doubtful debts, deducting all Expenses
Difference in exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the		and Interest paid and due
Dividend is declared, and 2s. 1½d., the rate of the day	695,424.84	2,095,342.03
Transfer to Silver Reserve Fund	750,000.00	
Balance forward to next half-year	1,712,472.37	
	<u>\$3,795,119.43</u>	<u>\$3,795,119.43</u>

STERLING RESERVE FUND.

To Balance	\$10,000,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1905	\$10,000,000.00
	<u>\$10,000,000.00</u>	(Invested in Sterling Securities.)	
			<u>\$10,000,000.00</u>

SILVER RESERVE FUND.

To Balance	\$10,250,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1905	\$9,500,000.00
	<u>\$10,250,000.00</u>	Transfer from Profit and Loss Account	750,000.00
			<u>\$10,250,000.00</u>

H. E. R. HUNTER, Acting Chief Manager.

C. W. MAY, Chief Accountant.

A. HAUPT,
G. H. MEDHURST,
D. M. NISSIM, } Directors.

W. HUTTON POTTS,
A. G. WOOD, } Auditors.

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers, and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies, and have found the same to be correct.

HONGKONG, 2nd August, 1906.

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